Lake English Classics

SCOTT

MARMION

MOODY-WILLARD

Desk Copy

The Lake English Classics

MARMION

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY, A.M.
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

AND A GLOSSARY AND NOTES

BY

MARY R. WILLARD
INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH, HIGH SCHOOL, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

CHICAGO
SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
1909

Copyright 1899,
By SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

ROBERT O. LAW COMPANY,
PRINTERS AND BINDERS, CHICAGO.

CONTENTS

PAGE

MAP 8

INTRODUCTION

I. Life of Scott 9

II. Scott's Place in the Romantic Movement . 39

III. Marmion 46

TEXT 59

NOTES 293

GLOSSARY 334

FIRTH OF FORTH
Tantallon
NORTH SEA
Linlithgow
EDINBURGH
Berwick
Norham
SCOTLAND
Tweed
R.
Melrose
Till
R.
Lindisfarne I.
Flodden
Bamborough
CHEVIOT HILLS
Tynmouth
R.
Tyne
Durham
Whitby
ENGLAND
SOLWAY FIRTH
1
2
56

I. LIFE OF SCOTT

I

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, of an ancient Scotch clan numbering in its time many a hard rider and good fighter, and more than one of these petty chieftains, half-shepherd and half-robber, who made good the winter inroads into their stock of beeves by spring forays and cattle drives across the English Border. Scott's great-grandfather was the famous "Beardie" of Harden, so called because after the exile of the Stuart sovereigns he swore never to cut his beard until they were reinstated; and several degrees farther back he could point to a still more famous figure, "Auld Wat of Harden," who with his fair dame, the Flower of Yarrow, is mentioned in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The first member of the clan to abandon country life and take up a sedentary profession, was Scott's father, who settled in Edinburgh as Writer to the Signet, a position corresponding in Scotland to that of attorney or solicitor in England. The character of this father, stern, scrupulous, Calvinistic, with a high sense of ceremonial dignity and a punctilious regard for the honorable conventions of life, united with the wilder ancestral strain to make Scott what

he was. From "Auld Wat" and "Beardie" came his high spirit, his rugged manliness, his chivalric ideals; from the Writer to the Signet came that power of methodical labor which made him a giant among the literary workers of his day, and that delicate sense of responsibility which gave his private life its remarkable sweetness and beauty.

At the age of eighteen months, Scott was seized with a teething fever which settled in his right leg and retarded its growth to such an extent that he was slightly lame for the rest of his life. Possibly this affliction was a blessing in disguise, since it is not improbable that Scott's love of active adventure would have led him into the army or the navy, if he had not been deterred by a bodily impediment; in which case English history might have been a gainer, but English literature would certainly have been immeasurably a loser. In spite of his lameness, the child grew strong enough to be sent on a long visit to his grandfather's farm at Sandyknowe; and here, lying among the sheep on the windy downs, playing about the romantic ruins of Smailholm Tower,[1] scampering through the heather on a tiny Shetland pony, or listening to stories of the thrilling past told by the old women of the farm, he drank in sensations which strengthened both the hardiness and the romanticism of his nature. A story is told of his being found in the fields during a thunder storm, clapping his hands at each

[1] See Scott's ballad *The Eve of St. John.*

flash of lightning, and shouting "Bonny! Bonny!" —a bit of infantile intrepidity which makes more acceptable a story of another sort illustrative of his mental precocity. A lady entering his mother's room, found him reading aloud a description of a shipwreck, accompanying the words with excited comments and gestures. "There's the mast gone," he cried, "crash it goes; they will all perish!" The lady entered into his agitation with tact, and on her departure, he told his mother that he liked their visitor, because "she was a virtuoso, like himself." To her amused inquiry as to what a virtuoso might be, he replied: "Don't ye know? why, 'tis one who wishes to and will know everything."

As a boy at school in Edinburgh and in Kelso, and afterwards as a student at the University and apprentice in his father's law office, Scott took his own way to become a "virtuoso"; a rather queer way it must sometimes have seemed to his good preceptors. He refused point-blank to learn Greek, and cared little for Latin. His scholarship was so erratic that he glanced meteor-like from the head to the foot of his classes and back again, according as luck gave or withheld the question to which his highly selective memory had retained the answer. But outside of school hours he was intensely at work to "know everything," so far as "everything" came within the bounds of his special tastes. Before he was ten years old he had

begun to collect chap-books and ballads. As he grew older he read omnivorously in romance and history; at school he learned French for the sole purpose of knowing at first hand the fascinating cycles of old French romance; a little later he mastered Italian in order to read Dante and Ariosto, and to his schoolmaster's indignation stoutly championed the claim of the latter poet to superiority over Homer; a little later he acquired Spanish and read *Don Quixote* in the original. With such efforts, however, considerable as they were for a boy who passionately loved a "bicker" in the streets, and who was famed among his comrades for bravery in climbing the perilous "kittle nine stanes" on Castle Rock,—he was not content. Nothing more conclusively shows the genuineness of Scott's romantic feeling than his willingness to undergo severe mental drudgery in pursuit of knowledge concerning the old storied days which had enthralled his imagination. It was no moonshine sentimentality which kept him hour after hour and day after day in the Advocate's Library, poring over musty manuscripts, deciphering heraldic devices, tracing genealogies, and unraveling obscure points of Scottish history. By the time he was twenty-one he had made himself, almost unconsciously, an expert paleographer and antiquarian, whose assistance was sought by professional workers in those branches of knowledge. Carlyle has charged against Scott that he poured

out his vast floods of poetry and romance without preparation or forethought; that his production was always impromptu, and rooted in no sufficient past of acquisition. The charge cannot stand. From his earliest boyhood until his thirtieth year, when he began his brilliant career as poet and novelist, his life was one long preparation,—very individual and erratic preparation, perhaps, but none the less earnest and fruitful.

In 1792, Scott, then twenty-one years old, was admitted a member of the faculty of advocates of Edinburgh. During the five years which elapsed between this date and his marriage, his life was full to overflowing of fun and adventure, rich with genial companionship, and with experience of human nature in all its wild and tame varieties. Ostensibly he was a student of law, and he did, indeed, devote some serious attention to the mastery of his profession. But the dry formalities of legal life his keen humor would not allow him to take quite seriously. On the day when he was called to the bar, while waiting his turn among the other young advocates, he turned to his friend, William Clark, who had been called with him, and whispered, mimicking the Highland lasses who used to stand at the Cross of Edinburgh to be hired for the harvest: "We've stood here an hour by the Tron, hinny, and deil a ane has speered[1] our price." Though Scott never made a legal reputation, either

[1] Asked.

as pleader at the bar or as an authority upon legal history and principles, it cannot be doubted that his experience in the Edinburgh courts was of immense benefit to him. In the first place, his study of the Scotch statutes, statutes which had taken form very gradually under the pressure of changing national conditions, gave him an insight into the politics and society of the past not otherwise to have been obtained. Of still more value, perhaps, was the association with his young companions in the profession, and daily contact with the racy personalities which traditionally haunt all courts of law, and particularly Scotch courts of law: the first association kept him from the affectation and sentimentality which is the bane of the youthful romanticist; and the second enriched his memory with many an odd figure afterward to take its place, clothed in the colors of a great dramatic imagination, upon the stage of his stories.

Added to these experiences, there were others equally calculated to enlarge his conception of human nature. Not the least among these he found in the brilliant literary and artistic society of Edinburgh, to which his mother's social position gave him entrance. Here, when only a lad, he met Robert Burns, then the pet and idol of the fashionable coteries of the capital. Here he heard Henry Mackenzie deliver a lecture on German literature which turned his attention to the

romantic poetry of Germany and led directly to his first attempts at ballad-writing. But much more vital than any or all of these influences, were those endless walking-tours which alone or in company with a boon companion he took over the neighboring country-side,—care-free, roystering expeditions, which he afterwards immortalized as Dandie Dinmont's "Liddesdale raids" in *Guy Mannering*. Thirty miles across country as the crow flies, with no objective point and no errand, a village inn or a shepherd's hut at night, with a crone to sing them an old ballad over the fire, or a group of hardy dalesmen to welcome them with stories and carousal,—these were blithe adventurous days such as could not fail to ripen Scott's already ardent nature, and store his memory with genial knowledge. The account of Dandie Dinmont given by Mr. Shortreed may be taken as a picture, only too true in some of its touches, of Scott in these youthful escapades: "Eh me, . . sic an endless fund of humour and drollery as he had then wi' him. Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring and singing. Wherever we stopped how brawlie he suited himsel' to everybody! He aye did as the lave did; never made himsel' the great man or took ony airs in the company. I've seen him in a' moods in these jaunts, grave and gay, daft and serious, sober and drunk —(this, however, even in our wildest rambles, was but rare)—but drunk or sober, he was aye the

gentleman. He looked excessively heavy and stupid when he was fou, but he was never out o' gude humour." After this, we are not surprised to hear that Scott's father told him disgustedly that he was better fitted to be a fiddling pedlar, a "gangrel scrape-gut," than a respectable attorney. As a matter of fact, however, behind the mad pranks and the occasional excesses there was a very serious purpose in all this scouring of the country-side. Scott was picking up here and there, from the old men and women with whom he hobnobbed, antiquarian material of an invaluable kind, bits of local history, immemorial traditions and superstitions, and, above all, precious ballads which had been handed down for generations among the peasantry. These ballads, thus precariously transmitted, it was Scott's ambition to gather together and preserve, and he spared no pains or fatigue to come at any scrap of ballad literature of whose existence he had an inkling. Meanwhile, he was enriching heart and imagination for the work that was before him. So that here also, though in the hair-brained and heady way of youth, he was engaged in his task of preparation.

Scott has told us that it was his reading of *Don Quixote* which determined him to be an author; but he was first actually excited to composition in another way. This was by hearing recited a ballad of the German poet Bürger, entitled *Lenore*, in which a skeleton lover carries off his bride to a

wedding in the land of death. Mr. Hutton remarks upon the curiousness of the fact that a piece of "raw supernaturalism" like this should have appealed so strongly to a mind as healthy and sane as Scott's. So it was, however. He could not rid himself of the fascination of the piece until he had translated it, and published it, together with another translation from the same author. One stanza at least of this first effort of Scott sounds a note characteristic of his poetry:

> Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
> Splash! splash! along the sea;
> The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
> The flashing pebbles flee.

Here we catch the trumpet-like clang and staccato tramp of verse which he was soon to use in a way to thrill his generation. This tiny pamphlet of verse, Scott's earliest publication, appeared in 1796. Soon after, he met Monk Lewis, then famous as a purveyor to English palates of the crude horrors which German romanticism had just ceased to revel in. Lewis was engaged in compiling a book of supernatural stories and poems under the title of *Tales of Wonder*, and asked Scott to contribute. Scott wrote for this book three long ballads—*Glenfinlas*, *Cadyow Castle*, and *The Gray Brother*. Though tainted with the conventional diction of eighteenth century verse, these ballads are not unimpressive pieces of work; the second named, especially, shows a kind and degree of romantic

imagination such as his later poetry rather substantiated than newly revealed.

II

In the following year, 1797, Scott married a Miss Charpentier, daughter of a French refugee. She was not his first love, that place having been usurped by a Miss Stuart Belches, for whom Scott had felt perhaps the only deep passion of his life, and memory of whom was to come to the surface touchingly in his old age. Miss Charpentier, or Carpenter, as she was called, with her vivacity and quaint foreign speech "caught his heart on the rebound;" there can be no doubt that, in spite of a certain shallowness of character, she made him a good wife, and that his affection for her deepened steadily to the end. The young couple went to live at Lasswade, a village near Edinburgh, on the Esk. Scott, in whom the proprietary instinct was always very strong, took great pride in the pretty little cottage. He made a dining-table for it with his own hands, planted saplings in the yard, and drew together two willow-trees at the gate into a kind of arch, surmounted by a cross made of two sticks. "After I had constructed this," he says, "mamma (Mrs. Scott) and I both of us thought it so fine that we turned out to see it by moonlight, and walked backwards from it to the cottage door, in admiration of our magnificence and its picturesque effect." It would have been well

indeed for them both if their pleasures of proprietorship could always have remained so touchingly simple.

Now that he was married, Scott was forced to look a little more sharply to his fortunes. He applied himself with more determination to the law. In 1799 he became deputy-sheriff of Selkirkshire, with a salary of three hundred pounds, which placed him at least beyond the reach of want. He began to look more and more to literature as a means of supplementing his income. His ballads in the *Tales of Wonder* had gained him some reputation; this he increased in 1802 by the publication, under the title *Border Minstrelsy*, of the ballads which he had for several years been collecting, collating, and richly annotating. Meanwhile, he was looking about for a congenial subject upon which to try his hand in a larger way than he had as yet adventured. Such a subject came to him at last in a manner calculated to enlist all his enthusiasm in its treatment, for it was given him by the Countess of Dalkeith, wife of the heir-apparent to the dukedom of Buccleugh. The ducal house of Buccleugh stood at the head of the clan Scott, and toward its representative the poet always held himself in an attitude of feudal reverence. The Duke of Buccleugh was his "chief," entitled to demand from him both passive loyalty and active service; so, at least, Scott loved to interpret their relationship, making effective in

his own case a feudal sentiment which had elsewhere somewhat lapsed. He especially loved to think of himself as the bard of his clan, a modern representative of those rude poets whom the Scottish chiefs once kept as a part of their household to chant the exploits of the clan. Nothing could have pleased his fancy more, therefore, than a request on the part of the lady of his chief to treat a subject of her assigning, namely, the dark mischief-making of a dwarf or goblin who had strayed from his unearthly master and attached himself as page to a human household. The subject fell in with the poet's reigning taste for strong supernaturalism. Gilpin Horner, the goblin page, though he proved in the sequel a difficult character to put to poetic uses, was a figure grotesque and eerie enough to appeal even to Monk Lewis. At first Scott thought of treating the subject in ballad-form, but the scope of treatment was gradually enlarged by several circumstances. To begin with, he chanced upon a copy of Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*, and the history of that robber baron suggested to him the feasibility of throwing the same vivid light upon the old Border life of his ancestors as Goethe had thrown upon that of the Rhine barons. This led him to subordinate the part played by the goblin page in the proposed story, which was now widened to include elaborate pictures of mediæval life and manners, and to lay the scene in the castle of Branksome, formerly the

stronghold of Scott's and the Duke of Buccleugh's ancestors. The verse form into which the story was thrown was due to a still more accidental circumstance, i. e., Scott's overhearing Sir John Stoddard recite a fragment of Coleridge's unpublished poem *Christabel*. The placing of the story in the mouth of an old harper fallen upon evil days, was a happy afterthought; besides making a beautiful framework for the main poem, it enabled the author to escape criticism for any violent innovations of style, since these could always be attributed to the rude and wild school of poetry to which the harper was supposed to belong. In these ways the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* gradually developed in its present form. Upon its publication in 1805, it achieved an immediate success. The vividness of its descriptive passages, the buoyant rush of its metre, the deep romantic glow suffusing all its pages, took by storm a public familiar to weariness with the decorous abstractions of the eighteenth century poets. The first edition, a sumptuous quarto, was exhausted in a few weeks; an octavo edition of fifteen hundred was sold out within the year; and before 1830, forty-four thousand copies were needed to supply the popular demand. Scott received in all something under eight hundred pounds for the *Lay*, a small amount when contrasted with his gains from subsequent poems, but a sum so unusual nevertheless that he determined

forthwith to devote as much time to literature as he could spare from his legal duties; those he still placed foremost, for until near the close of his life he clung to his adage that literature was "a good staff, but a poor crutch."

A year before the publication of the *Lay*, Scott had removed to the small country seat of Ashestiel, in Selkirkshire, seven miles from the nearest town, Selkirk, and several miles from any neighbor. In the introductions to the various cantos of *Marmion* he has given us a delightful picture of Ashestiel and its surroundings,—the swift Glenkinnon dashing through the estate in a deep ravine, on its way to join the Tweed; behind the house the rising hills beyond which lay the lovely scenery of the Yarrow. The eight years (1804–1812) at Ashestiel were the serenest, and probably the happiest, of Scott's life. Here he wrote his two greatest poems, *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*. His mornings he spent at his desk, always with a faithful hound at his feet watching the tireless hand as it threw off sheet after sheet of manuscript to make up the day's stint. By one o'clock he was, as he said, "his own man," free to spend the remaining hours of light with his children, his horses, and his dogs, or to indulge himself in his life-long passion for tree-planting. His robust and healthy nature made him excessively fond of all out-of-door sports, especially riding, in which he was daring to foolhardiness. It is a curious fact, noted by Lockhart,

that many of Scott's senses were blunt; he could scarcely, for instance, tell one wine from another by the taste, and once sat quite unconscious at his table while his guests were manifesting extreme uneasiness over the approach of a too-long-kept haunch of venison; but his sight was unusually keen, as his hunting exploits proved. His little son once explained his father's popularity by saying that "it was him that commonly saw the hare sitting." What with hunting, fishing, salmon-spearing by torchlight, gallops over the hills into the Yarrow country, planting and transplanting of his beloved trees, Scott's life at Ashestiel, during the hours when he was "his own man," was a very full and happy one.

Unfortunately, he had already embarked in an enterprise which was destined to overthrow his fortunes just when they seemed fairest. While at school in Kelso he had become intimate with a school fellow named James Ballantyne, and later, when Ballantyne set up a small printing house in Kelso, he had given him his earliest poems to print. After the issue of the *Border Minstrelsy*, the typographical excellence of which attracted attention even in London, he set Ballantyne up in business in Edinburgh, secretly entering the firm himself as silent partner. The good sale of the *Lay* had given the firm an excellent start; but more matter was presently needed to feed the press. To supply it, Scott undertook and completed at

Ashestiel four enormous tasks of editing,—the complete works of Dryden and of Swift, the Somers' Tracts, and the Sadler State Papers. The success of these editions, and the subsequent enormous sale of Scott's poems and novels, would have kept the concern solvent in spite of Ballantyne's complete incapacity for business, but in 1809 Scott plunged recklessly into another and more serious venture. A dispute with Constable, the veteran publisher and bookseller, aggravated by the harsh criticism delivered upon *Marmion* by Francis Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Constable's magazine, determined Scott to set up in connection with the Ballantyne press a rival bookselling concern, and a rival magazine, to be called the *Quarterly Review*. The project was a daring one, in view of Constable's great ability and resources; to make it foolhardy to madness Scott selected to manage the new business a brother of James Ballantyne, a dissipated little buffoon, with about as much business ability and general calibre of character as is connoted by the name which Scott coined for him, "Rigdumfunnidos." The selection of such a man for such a place betrays in Scott's eminently sane and balanced mind a curious strain of impracticality, to say the least; indeed, we are almost constrained to feel with his harsher critics that it betrays something worse than defective judgment,—defective character. His greatest failing, if failing it can be called, was

pride. He could not endure even the mild dictations of a competent publisher, as is shown by his answer to a letter written by one of them proposing some salaried work; he replied curtly that he was a "black Hussar" of literature, and not to be put to such tame service. Probably this haughty dislike of dictation, this imperious desire to patronize rather than be patronized, led him to choose inferior men with whom to enter into business relations. If so, he paid for the fault so dearly that it is hard for a biographer to press the issue against him.

For the present, however, the wind of fortune was blowing fair, and all the storm clouds were below the horizon. In 1808 *Marmion* appeared, and was greeted with an enthusiasm which made the unprecedented reception of the *Lay* seem lukewarm in comparison. *Marmion* contains nothing which was not plainly foreshadowed in the *Lay*, but the hand of the poet has grown more sure, his descriptive effects are less crude and amateurish, the narrative proceeds with a steadier march, the music has gained in volume and in martial vigor. An anecdote is told by Mr. Hutton which will serve as a type of a hundred others illustrative of the extraordinary hold which this poetry took upon the minds of ordinary men. "I have heard," he says, "of two old men—complete strangers—passing each other on a dark London night, when one of them happened to be repeating to himself, just as

Campbell did to the hackney coachmen of the North Bridge of Edinburgh, the last lines of the account of Flodden Field in *Marmion*, 'Charge, Chester, charge,' when suddenly a reply came out of the darkness, 'On, Stanley, on,' whereupon they finished the death of *Marmion* between them, took off their hats to each other, and parted, laughing.'' The *Lady of the Lake*, which followed in little more than a year, was received with the same popular delight, and with even greater respect on the part of the critics. Even the formidable Jeffrey, who was supposed to dine off slaughtered authors as the Giant in Jack and the Beanstalk dined off young Englishmen, keyed his voice to unwonted praise. The influx of tourists into the Trossachs, where the scene of the poem was laid, was so great as seriously to embarrass the mail coaches, until at last the posting charges had to be raised in order to diminish the traffic. Far away in Spain, at a trying moment of the Peninsular campaign, Sir Adam Ferguson, posted on a point of ground exposed to the enemy's fire, read to his men as they lay prostrate on the ground the passage from the *Lady of the Lake* describing the combat between Roderick Dhu's Highlanders and the forces of the Earl of Mar; and ''the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza when the French shot struck the bank close above them.'' Such tributes—and they were legion—to the power of his poetry to move adventurous and

hardy men, must have been intoxicating to Scott; there is small wonder that the success of his poems gave him, as he says, "such a *heeze* as almost lifted him off his feet."

III

Scott's modesty was not in danger, but so far as his prudence was concerned, his success did really lift him off his feet. In 1812, still more encouraged thereto by entering upon the emoluments of the office of Clerk of Sessions, the duties of which he had performed for six years without pay, he purchased Abbotsford, an estate on the Tweed, adjoining that of the Duke of Buccleugh, his kinsman, and near the beautiful ruins of Melrose Abbey. Here he began to carry out the dream of his life, to found a territorial family which should augment the power and fame of his clan. Beginning with a modest farm house and a farm of a hundred acres, he gradually bought, planted, and built, until the farm became a manorial domain and the farm house a castle. He had not gone far in this work before he began to realize that the returns from his poetry would never suffice to meet such demands as would thus be made upon his purse. Byron's star was in the ascendant, and before its baleful magnificence Scott's milder and more genial light visibly paled. He was himself the first to declare, with characteristic generosity,

that the younger poet had "bet"[1] him at his own craft. As Carlyle says, "he had held the sovereignty for some half-score of years, a comparatively long lease of it, and now the time seemed come for dethronement, for abdication. An unpleasant business; which, however, he held himself ready, as a brave man will, to transact with composure and in silence."

But, as it proved, there was no need for resignation. The reign of metrical romance, brilliant but brief, was past, or nearly so. But what of prose romance, which long ago, in picking out *Don Quixote* from the puzzling Spanish, he had promised himself he would one day attempt? With some such questioning of the Fates, Scott drew from his desk the sheets of a story begun seven years before, and abandoned because of the success of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* This story he now completed, and published as *Waverley* in the spring of 1814,—an event "memorable in the annals of British literature; in the annals of British bookselling thrice and four times memorable." The popularity of the metrical romances dwindled to insignificance before the enthusiasm with which this prose romance was received. A moment before quietly resolved to give up his place in the world's eye, and to live the life of an obscure country gentleman, Scott found himself launched once more on the tide of brave fortunes.

[1] Bested, got the better of.

The Ballantyne publishing and printing houses ceased to totter, and settled themselves on what seemed the firmest of foundations. At Abbotsford, buying, planting, and building began on a greater scale than had ever been planned in its owner's most sanguine moments.

The history of the next eleven years in Scott's life is the history, on the one hand, of the rapidly-appearing novels, of a fame gradually spreading outward from Great Britain until it covered the civilized world,—a fame increased rather than diminished by the *incognito* which the "author of *Waverley*" took great pains to preserve even after the secret had become an open one; on the other hand, of the large-hearted, hospitable life at Abbotsford, where, in spite of the importunities of curious and ill-bred tourists, bent on getting a glimpse of the "Wizard of the North," and in spite of the enormous mass of work, literary and official, which Scott took upon himself to perform, the atmosphere of country leisure and merriment was somehow miraculously preserved. This life of the hearty prosperous country laird was the one toward the realization of which all Scott's efforts were directed; it is worth while, therefore, to see as vividly as may be, what kind of life that was, that we may the better understand what kind of man he was who cared for it. The following extract from Lockhart's *Life of Scott* gives us at least one very characteristic aspect of the Abbotsford world:

"It was a clear, bright September morning, with a sharpness in the air that doubled the animating influence of the sunshine; and all was in readiness for a grand coursing-match on Newark Hill. The only guest who had chalked out other sport for himself was the staunchest of anglers, Mr. Rose; but he, too, was there on his *shelty*, armed with his salmon-rod and landing-net. . . . This little group of Waltonians, bound for Lord Somerville's preserve, remained lounging about, to witness the start of the main cavalcade. Sir Walter, mounted on Sibyl, was marshalling the order of procession with a huge hunting-whip; and among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared, each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troop, Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and the patriarch of Scottish belles-lettres, Henry Mackenzie. . . . Laidlaw (the steward of Abbotsford) on a strong-tailed wiry Highlander, yclept Hoddin Grey, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground, was the adjutant. But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp (Sir Humphrey Davy) . . . a brown hat with flexible brim, surrounded with line upon line of catgut, and innumerable fly-hooks; jack-boots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon, made a fine contrast with the smart jacket, white-cord breeches, and well-polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black; and with his noble serene dignity of countenance might have passed for a sporting archbishop. Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the seventy-sixth year of his age, with a hat turned up

with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long brown leathern gaiters buttoned upon his nether anatomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck. . . Tom Purdie (one of Scott's servants) and his subalterns had preceded us by a few hours with all the grey-hounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gambolled about Sibyl Grey, barking for mere joy like a spaniel puppy.

"The order of march had all been settled, when Scott's daughter Anne broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, 'Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet!' Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy soon found a strap round its neck, and was dragged into the background; Scott, watching the retreat, repeated with mock pathos the first verse of an old pastoral song—

> 'What will I do gin my hoggie die?
> My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
> My only beast, I had na mae,
> And wow, but I was vogie!'

—the cheers were redoubled—and the squadron moved on."

Let us supplement this with one more picture, from the same hand, showing Scott in a little more intimate light. The passage was written in 1821, after Lockhart had married Scott's eldest daughter,

and gone to spend the summer at Chiefswood, a cottage on the Abbotsford estate:

"We were near enough Abbotsford to partake as often as we liked of its brilliant and constantly varying society; yet could do so without being exposed to the worry and exhaustion of spirit which the daily reception of new-comers entailed upon all the family, except Scott himself. But in truth, even he was not always proof against the annoyances connected with such a style of open house-keeping. . . . When sore beset at home in this way, he would every now and then discover that he had some very particular business to attend to on an outlying part of his estate, and craving the indulgence of his guests overnight, appear at the cabin in the glen before its inhabitants were astir in the morning. The clatter of Sibyl Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joyous shout of *réveillée* under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day to 'take his ease in his inn.' On descending, he was found to be seated with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's axe, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast he would take possession of a dressing-room upstairs, and write a chapter of *The Pirate*; and then, having made up and despatched his packet for Mr. Ballantyne, away to join Purdie wherever the foresters were at work . . . until it was time to rejoin his own party at Abbotsford, or the quiet circle of the cottage. When his guests were few and friendly, he often

made them come over and meet him at Chiefswood in a body towards evening. . . . He was ready with all sorts of devices to supply the wants of a narrow establishment; he used to delight particularly in sinking the wine in a well under the *brae* ere he went out, and hauling up the basket just before dinner was announced,—this primitive device being, he said, what he had always practised when a young housekeeper, and in his opinion far superior in its results to any application of ice; and in the same spirit, whenever the weather was sufficiently genial, he voted for dining out of doors altogether."

Few events of importance except the successive appearances of "our buiks," as Tom Purdie called his master's novels, and an occasional visit to London or the continent, intervened to break the busy monotony of this Abbotsford life. On one of these visits to London, Scott was invited to dine with the Prince Regent, and when the prince became King George IV., in 1820, almost the first act of his reign was to create Scott a baronet. Scott accepted the honor gratefully, as coming, he said, "from the original source of all honor." There can well be two opinions as to whether this least admirable of English kings constituted a very prime fountain of honor, judged by democratic standards; but to Scott's mind, such an imputation would have been next to sacrilege. The feudal bias of his mind, strong to start with, had been strengthened by his long sojourn among the visions of a feudal past; the ideals of feudalism were living

realities to him; and he accepted knighthood from his king's hand in exactly the same spirit which determined his attitude of humility towards his "chief," the Duke of Buccleugh, and which impelled him to exhaust his genius in the effort to build up a great family estate.

There were already signs that the enormous burden of work under which he seemed to move so lightly, was telling on him. *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Legend of Montrose*, and *Ivanhoe*, had all of them been dictated between screams of pain, wrung from his lips by a chronic cramp of the stomach. By the time he reached *Redgauntlet* and *St. Ronan's Well*, there began to be heard faint murmurings of discontent from his public, hints that he was writing too fast, and that the noble wine he had poured them for so long was growing at last a trifle watery. To add to these causes of uneasiness, the commercial ventures in which he was interested drifted again into a precarious state. He had himself fallen into the bad habit of forestalling the gains from his novels by heavy drafts on his publishers, and the example thus set was followed faithfully by John Ballantyne. Scott's good humor and his partner's bad judgment saddled the concern with a lot of unsalable books. In 1818 the affairs of the book-selling business had to be closed up, Constable taking over the unsalable stock and assuming the outstanding liabilities in return for copyright privileges covering some of Scott's

novels. This so burdened the veteran publisher that when, in 1825, a large London firm failed, it carried him down also—and with him James Ballantyne, with whom he had entered into close relations. Scott's secret connection with Ballantyne had continued; accordingly he woke up one fine day to find himself worse than beggared, being personally liable for one hundred and thirty thousand pounds.

IV

The years intervening between this calamity and Scott's death form one of the saddest and at the same time most heroic chapters in the history of literature. The fragile health of Lady Scott succumbed almost immediately to the crushing blow, and she died in a few months. Scott surrendered Abbotsford to his creditors and took up humble lodgings in Edinburgh. Here, with a pride and stoical courage as quiet as it was splendid, he settled down to fill with the earnings of his pen the vast gulf of debt for which he was morally scarcely responsible at all. In three years he wrote *Woodstock*, three *Chronicles of the Canongate*, the *Fair Maid of Perth*, *Anne of Geierstein*, the first series of the *Tales of a Grandfather*, and a *Life of Napoleon*, equal to thirteen volumes of novel size, besides editing and annotating a complete edition of his own works. All these together netted his creditors £40,000. Touched by the efforts he was

making to settle their claims, they now presented him with Abbotsford, and thither he returned to spend the few years remaining to him. In 1830 he suffered a first stroke of paralysis; refusing to give up, however, he made one more desperate rally to recapture his old power of story-telling. *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous* were the pathetic result; they are not to be taken into account in any estimate of his powers, for they are manifestly the work of a paralytic patient. The gloomy picture is darkened by an incident which illustrates strikingly one phase of Scott's character.

The great Reform Bill was being discussed throughout Scotland, menacing what were really abuses, but what Scott, with his intense conservatism, believed to be sacred and inviolable institutions. The dying man roused himself to make a stand against the abominable bill. In a speech which he made at Jedburgh, he was hissed and hooted by the crowd, and he left the town with the dastardly cry of "Burk Sir Walter!" ringing in his ears.

Nature now intervened to ease the intolerable strain. Scott's anxiety concerning his debt gradually gave way to an hallucination that it had all been paid. His friends took advantage of the quietude which followed to induce him to make the journey to Italy, in the fear that the severe winter of Scotland would prove fatal. A ship of His Majesty's fleet was put at his disposal, and he set

sail for Malta. The youthful adventurousness of the man flared up again oddly for a moment, when he insisted on being set ashore upon a volcanic island in the Mediterranean which had appeared but a few days before and which sank beneath the surface shortly after. The climate of Malta at first appeared to benefit him; but when he heard, one day, of the death of Goethe at Weimar, he seemed seized with a sudden apprehension of his own end, and insisted upon hurrying back through Europe, in order that he might look once more on Abbotsford. On the ride from Edinburgh he remained for the first two stages entirely unconscious. But as the carriage entered the valley of the Gala he opened his eyes and murmured the name of objects as they passed, "Gala water, surely,—Buckholm,—Torwoodlee." When the towers of Abbotsford came in view, he was so filled with delight that he could scarcely be restrained from leaping out. At the gates he greeted faithful Laidlaw in a voice strong and hearty as of old: "Why, man, how often I have thought of you!" and smiled and wept over the dogs who came rushing as in bygone times to lick his hand. He died a few days later, on the afternoon of a glorious autumn day, with all the windows open, so that he might catch to the last the whisper of the Tweed over its pebbles.

"And so," says Carlyle, "the curtain falls; and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. A

possession from him does remain; widely scattered; yet attainable; not inconsiderable. It can be said of him, when he departed, he took a Man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time. Alas, his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it;—ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell."

II. SCOTT'S PLACE IN THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT

In order rightly to appreciate the poetry of Scott it is necessary to understand something of that remarkable "Romantic Movement" which took place toward the end of the eighteenth century, and within a space of twenty-five years completely changed the face of English literature. Both the causes and the effects of this movement were much more than merely literary; the "romantic revival" penetrated every crevice and ramification of life in those parts of Europe which it affected; its social, political, and religious results were all deeply significant. But we must here confine ourselves to such aspects of the revival as showed themselves in English poetry.

Eighteenth century poetry had been distinguished by its polish, its formal correctness, or—to use a term in much favor with critics of that day—its "elegance." The various and wayward metrical effects of the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets, had been discarded for a few well-recognized verse forms, which themselves in turn had become still further limited by the application to them of precise rules of structure. Hand in hand with this restricting process in metre, had gone a similar

tendency in diction. The simple, concrete phrases of daily speech had given way to stately periphrases; the rich and riotous vocabulary of earlier poetry had been replaced by one more decorous, measured, and high-sounding. A corresponding process of selection and exclusion was applied to the subject matter of poetry. Passion, lyric exaltation, delight in the concrete life of man and nature, passed out of fashion; in their stead came social satire, criticism, generalized observation. While the classical influence, as it is usually called, was at its height, with such men as Dryden and Pope to exemplify it, it did a great work; but toward the end of the eighth decade of the eighteenth century it had visibly run to seed. The feeble Hayley, the silly Della Crusca, the arid Erasmus Darwin, were its only exemplars. England was ripe for a literary revolution, a return to nature and to passion; and such a revolution was not slow in coming.

It announced itself first in George Crabbe, who turned to paint the life of the poor with patient realism; in Burns, who poured out in his songs the passion of love, the passion of sorrow, the passion of conviviality; in Blake, who tried to reach across the horizon of visible fact to mystical heavens of more enduring reality. Following close upon these men came the four poets destined to accomplish the revolution which the early comers had begun. They were born within four years of each other, Wordsworth in 1770, Scott in 1771, Coleridge in

1772, Southey in 1774. As we look at these four men now, and estimate their worth as poets, we see that Southey drops almost out of the account, and that Wordsworth and Coleridge stand, so far as the highest qualities of poetry go, far above Scott, as, indeed, Blake and Burns do also. But the contemporary judgment upon them was directly the reverse; and Scott's poetry exercised an influence over his age immeasurably greater than that of any of the other three. Let us attempt to discover what qualities this poetry possessed which gave it its astonishing hold upon the age when it was written. In so doing, we may discover indirectly some of the reasons why it still retains a large portion of its popularity, and perhaps arrive at some grounds of judgment by which we may test its right thereto.

One reason why Scott's poetry was immediately welcomed, while that of Wordsworth and of Coleridge lay neglected, is to be found in the fact that in the matter of diction Scott was much less revolutionary than they. By nature and education he was conservative; he put the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* into the mouth of a rude harper of the North in order to shield himself from the charge of "attempting to set up a new school in poetry," and he never throughout his life violated the conventions, literary or social, if he could possibly avoid doing so. This bias toward conservatism and conventionality shows itself particularly in the

language of his poems. He was compelled, of course, to use much more concrete and vivid terms than the eighteenth century poets had used, because he was dealing with much more concrete and vivid matter; but his language, nevertheless, has a prevailing stateliness, and at times an artificiality, which recommended it to readers tired of the inanities of Hayley and Mason, but unwilling to accept the startling simplicity and concreteness of diction exemplified by the Lake poets at their best.

Another peculiarity of Scott's poetry which made powerfully for its popularity, was its spirited metre. People were weary of the heroic couplet, and turned eagerly to these hurried verses, that went on their way with the sharp tramp of moss-troopers, and heated the blood like a drum. The metres of Coleridge, subtle, delicate, and poignant, had been passed by with indifference,—had not been heard perhaps, for lack of ears trained to hear; but Scott's metrical effects were such as a child could appreciate, and a soldier could carry in his head.

Analogous to this treatment of metre, though belonging to a less formal side of his art, was Scott's treatment of nature, the landscape setting of his stories. Perhaps the most obvious feature of the romantic revival was a reawakening of interest in out-door nature. It was as if for a hundred years past people had been stricken blind as soon as they passed from the city streets into

the country. A trim garden, an artfully placed country house, a well-kept preserve, they might see; but for the great shaggy world of mountain and sea—it had been shut out of man's elegant vision. Before Scott began to write there had been no lack of prophets of the new nature-worship, but none of them of a sort to catch the general ear. Wordsworth's pantheism was too mystical, too delicate and intuitive, to recommend itself to any but chosen spirits; Crabbe's descriptions were too minute, Coleridge's too intense, to please. Scott was the first to paint nature with a broad, free touch, without raptures or philosophizing, but with a healthy pleasure in its obvious beauties, such as appeal to average men. His "scenery" seldom exists for its own sake, but serves, as it should, for background and setting of his story. As his readers followed the fortunes of William of Deloraine or Roderick Dhu, they traversed by sunlight and by moonlight landscapes of wild romantic charm, and felt their beauty quite naturally, as a part of the excitement of that wild life. They felt it the more readily because of a touch of artificial stateliness in the handling, a slight theatrical heightening of effect—from an absolute point of view a defect, but highly congenial to the taste of the time. It was the scenic side of nature which Scott gave, and gave inimitably, while Burns was piercing to the inner heart of her tenderness in his lines *To a Mountain Daisy*,

and *To a Mouse*, while Wordsworth was mystically communing with her soul, in his *Tintern Abbey*. It was the scenic side of nature for which the perceptions of men were ripe; so they left profounder poets to their musings, and followed after the poet who could give them a brilliant story set in a brilliant scene.

Again, the emotional key of Scott's poetry was on a comprehensible plane. The situations with which he deals, the passions, ambitions, satisfactions, which he portrays, belong, in one form or another, to all men, or at least are easily grasped by the imaginations of all men. It has often been said that Scott is the most Homeric of English poets; so far as the claim rests on considerations of style, it is hardly to be granted, for nothing could be farther than the hurrying torrent of Scott's verse from the "long and refluent music" of Homer. But in this other respect, that he deals in the rudimentary stuff of human character in a straightforward way, without a hint of modern complexities and super-subtleties, he is really akin to the master poet of antiquity. This, added to the crude wild life which he pictures, the vigorous sweep of his action, the sincere glow of romance which bathes his story—all so tonic in their effect upon minds long used to the stuffy decorum of didactic poetry, completed the triumph of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and the *Lady of the Lake*, over their age.

As has been already suggested, Scott cannot be put in the first rank of poets. No compromise can be made on this point, because upon it the whole theory of poetry depends. Neither on the formal nor on the essential sides of his art is he among the small company of the supreme. And no one understood this better than himself. He touched the keynote of his own power, though with too great modesty, when he said, "I am sensible that if there is anything good about my poetry . . . it is a hurried frankness of composition which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions." The poet Campbell, who was so fascinated by Scott's ballad of *Cadyow Castle* that he used to repeat it aloud on the North Bridge of Edinburgh until "the whole fraternity of coachmen knew him by tongue as he passed," characterizes the predominant charm of Scott's poetry as lying in a "strong, pithy eloquence," which is perhaps only another name for "hurried frankness of composition." If this is not the highest quality to which poetry can attain, it is a very admirable one; and it will be a sad day for the English-speaking race when there shall not be found persons of every age and walk of life, to take the same delights in these stirring poems as their author loved to think was taken by "soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions."

III. MARMION

Marmion was written at Ashestiel during the most tranquil and happy period of Scott's life. His pursuit of the law had begun to give him a good livelihood, and he had, in the intervals of his legal duties, abundant leisure to devote to literature. He determined therefore to meet the criticisms which had been made upon the roughness and incoherence of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* by writing his next poem more slowly, polishing and elaborating as he went. His business connection with Ballantyne partially interfered with this resolution. The first four cantos of *Marmion* consumed, it is true, a year in composition, from November 1806 to November 1807, but they were written only in the intervals of more pressing business. At this point, finding himself in need of ready money, Scott sold the poem in advance for a thousand guineas, and completed it at a high rate of speed. It is interesting to note that the part thus hastily written contains his most notable work as a poet. He was probably helped rather than hindered by circumstances which forced upon him that "hurried frankness of composition," in which he once declared the real charm of his verse to lie.

In the *Lay* Scott had put his story into the mouth of an old Harper, and by occasionally drop-

ping the song and recurring to the singer, had set the poem proper in a graceful framework. In *Marmion* he adopted a more formal means of introducing the various cantos, that of prefixing to them verse-letters, addressed to intimate friends, and embodying descriptions of his life at Ashestiel, reminiscences of his friendship with the persons addressed, comments upon public affairs of the hour, and meditations of a half-philosophic, half-sentimental sort upon human life in general. Objection has sometimes been made to these introductions, on the score that they have no connection with the poem proper, and interrupt the progress of the story. Such is certainly the case; from a strict artistic standpoint, it is difficult to justify them: but they throw so much light upon the temper of Scott's mind, and show in such a winning light certain phases of his private character, that the harshest critic can hardly deprecate their existence.

The poem proper shows a surprising advance over Scott's earlier attempt in rhymed romance. In the first place, instead of the confused action and waving outline of the *Lay*, we find a firmly conceived story, which, from the fine sunset picture of the opening to the brilliant battle-scene at the close, moves with ease and power. A brief outline of the story will enable us to see its strength, as well as its few points of weakness.

Marmion, a famous English knight, has been

despatched by Henry VIII. on an embassy to the Scotch court at Edinburgh, to inquire the meaning of the warlike preparations which King James IV. is making. Just before crossing the Scotch border, he stops for the night at Norham Castle, the seat of Sir Hugh the Heron. The reception of Lord Marmion and his train at Norham with all the ceremonies prescribed by mediæval courtesy, gives an opportunity for a rich and animated picture, which takes us at once into the spirit of the tale, and kindles our imagination to follow the events thus grandiosely ushered in. The evening is passed in feast and song, in the intervals of which Marmion declares his destination and errand, and asks for a guide for the rest of his journey. The task is a dangerous one, and Sir Hugh hesitates to sacrifice any of his men. At this juncture he is reminded of a Palmer who has lately come to the castle, a dark, mysterious man, holding converse with no one. The Palmer is brought in, and after gazing fixedly at Marmion, consents to be his guide. An inquiry on the part of Sir Hugh, concerning the whereabouts of a beautiful page who formerly made part of his guest's train, and a jesting query whether the page were not a maiden in disguise, manifestly disturbs Marmion, though he answers quietly that the boy has been left behind as unable to endure the harsh northern air.

The second canto reveals the secret of Marmion's disturbance. After a brief account of the knight's

departure from Norham on his journey northward, the scene shifts to the Northumbrian seas, where a ship is bearing the Abbess of St. Hilda and her nuns to the Abbey of Lindisfarne. Her errand there is to hold a court of inquisition upon two offenders against the church, one a runaway nun, the other a common malefactor. The first proves to be the page of whom Sir Hugh has spoken. Lured from the convent of St. Hilda by Marmion, Constance has followed him for three years in masculine disguise. Then, tiring of her, he has schemed to marry Clare, a rich young heiress betrothed to the knight De Wilton. He has made use of Constance's cunning pen to forge letters implicating De Wilton in treasonable plots against the English king; and in the trial by battle to which De Wilton has been forced to appeal, has overthrown his victim. Clare, rather than wed the enemy of her lover, has fled to the protection of the Abbess of St. Hilda, and taken the novitiate's veil. Thereupon, driven desperate by jealousy, Constance employs a ruffian to bring about her rival's death; and Marmion, in his anger at the deed, gives her into the custody of the church, though with injunctions that she shall not suffer punishment for the breaking of her vows. In spite of these injunctions, however, she is now, together with her ruffian accomplice, condemned to a dreadful death. Before execution, she delivers to the Abbess a packet containing full proofs of Mar-

mion's forgeries and of De Wilton's innocence. The canto completes the preliminaries of the story, besides furnishing, it may be remarked in passing, a most impressive picture of the power and pride of the mediæval church.

The third and fourth cantos are chiefly episodical. Still on his way to Edinburgh, Marmion stops with his train at a village inn. The presence of his mysterious guide weighs upon his spirits, and his restlessness is increased by a legend which the host narrates, concerning a prehistoric camping ground on the neighboring moor, where an elfin warrior waits to give battle at midnight to any mortal brave enough to enter the lists with him. After the other guests are asleep, Marmion sallies forth on his war-steed toward the place of ghostly combat. The next morning his horse lies dead in the stall; a horse belonging to his squire is found covered with foam and mud as if it too had been hard ridden in the night. Marmion's party sets forth again, but has not gone far before encountering the Scottish King-at-Arms, Sir David Lindsay, who has been charged with the duty of detaining the English ambassador for a few days at Crichtoun Castle, some ten miles from Edinburgh. While here Marmion relates to Sir David his nocturnal adventure, in a veiled manner, yet not so vaguely but that the reader understands that he has been met in the haunted lists and unhorsed by a mysterious champion whom he

believes to be the ghost of the wronged De Wilton. The remainder of the fourth canto is taken up with a brilliant description of the camping place of the Scotch force, which Sir Lindsay and Marmion pass on their way to the capital.

While Marmion is at Holyrood, presenting his master's message to King James, the Abbess of St. Hilda, with Clare and other nuns in her company, has been taken prisoner and brought to Edinburgh. Hearing that the king, ignorant of Marmion's connection with Clare, has given the captives into his charge, the Abbess contrives to gain an audience with the Palmer, and commits to his care the papers which prove Marmion's forgeries, urging him to guard them for the good of holy church. From this time on the manner of the Palmer changes. His settled melancholy leaves him; his bearing becomes animated and soldierly; he no longer disturbs Marmion's peace with his intense and brooding gaze.

The secret of his identity is revealed in the sixth canto in a very dramatic manner. King James, desiring to delay Marmion's return, confides the whole party to the care of Lord Douglas, and to Douglas's castle of Tantallon, accordingly, they proceed. Here, while walking at twilight on a remote balcony which overhangs the sea, Clare finds a suit of armor laid out, as if for the vigil which aspirants for knighthood kept over their arms on the eve of receiving the accolade. The owner of the armor at

length appears, and to her infinite astonishment she beholds De Wilton, her lost lover. In a few words he tells his story. Left for dead on the field of battle, he has been nursed back to life by a hermit; then, an exile from England, he has sought escape from the thought of his disgrace by assuming the dress of a Palmer, and by making pilgrimages to far countries. He has at last returned, fallen by chance into the company of Marmion, repaired his honor by defeating his enemy in the magic lists at midnight, and finally, received from the hands of the Abbess the proofs of Marmion's conspiracy to rob him of his bride. By these proofs he has convinced the Douglas of his innocence, and is about to receive once more the honor of knighthood at the old nobleman's hands, before departing to join the English forces mustered to oppose the Scottish invasion. At Marmion's leave-taking, Douglas refuses to give his hand to one who has been proved so perfidious, and a quarrel ensues from which Marmion barely escapes with his life. The remainder of the poem is taken up with the famous description of the battle of Flodden Field. Marmion dies in battle, and De Wilton survives to wed Clare and regain his ancient honors.

It will be evident from this outline that the plot is not quite perfectly constructed. The meeting of Marmion with Sir David Lindsay and their sojourn together at Crichtoun Castle, aside from

affording opportunity for a brilliant bit of historical portraiture, serve no other purpose than to enable Marmion to relate what has befallen him in the haunted lists. The capture of the Abbess by Scottish soldiers is not a historically probable incident. The passage devoted to the Scottish court at Holyrood, though it does perhaps contribute to an understanding of the causes underlying the disastrous battle which forms the *finale* of the poem, does not advance the story perceptibly. These, however, are at worst minor flaws in a stirring and well-wrought tale, the structure of which shows a surprising advance over Scott's first attempt in metrical romance.

Since writing his *Lay of the Last Minstrel* Scott has also gained enormously in the power to handle single dramatic situations. The trial of Constance, in the subterranean depths of the Abbey at Lindisfarne, the encounter of Marmion with his spectral foe in the goblin lists by moonlight, the meeting of Clare and De Wilton on the parapet at Tantallon, the refusal of Douglas to give his hand to his proud guest—these are all admirably dramatic, and with one exception, are handled with admirable force. The exception, the meeting of Clare and De Wilton, is significant of Scott's limitations as a poet. He had to deal here with a moment full of intense passion, surprise and rapture. He failed to rise to the demand:

Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scene in words:
What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,

. . . . . .

Far less can my weak line declare
Each changing passion's shade;
Brightening to rapture from despair,
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
And joy, with her angelic air,
And hope, that paints the future fair,
Their varying hues display'd:

These lines are under the circumstances weak and unsatisfying. But when the passions to be dealt with are of a more martial cast, as notably in the quarrel between Marmion and Douglas, Scott's treatment of his theme is inimitable in its headlong rush, and its ringing eloquence.

In contrast with the *Lady of the Lake*, the story of *Marmion* has a somewhat melodramatic or "stagey" character; it suggests the lime-lights of the theatre in the violence of its effects. The same theatrical or conventional quality belongs to many of the characters, especially the major ones. The mysterious Palmer, the girl disguised as a page in the train of her lover, the courtly and unscrupulous knight, the wronged maiden who flees to the protection of Mother Church to escape a hateful suitor—all the principal personages of the story, indeed, are "stock figures" of drama and romance. It is in the minor figures that Scott's power of

painting character is better shown. The Abbess, Sir David Lindsay, and Lord Douglas, are all sketched with truth, and appeal to the imagination not as types, but as real persons.

Scott is reported to have said that in Marmion he had "thrown the force on description." Abundant as is the interest of incident and of character in the poem, it is probably the descriptive passages which linger longest in the mind. Even the characters, indeed, interest us rather as pictures than as persons. What, for example, should we care for Sir David Lindsay if it were not for the description, so cunningly drawn and richly colored, which introduces him? And what is true of such single figures is still more true of the larger descriptive passages of the story. The reception of Marmion at Norham Castle, the secret tribunal in the dungeon vaults of Lindisfarne Abbey, the view of the Scottish camp and the distant city of Edinburgh, the approach to Tantallon Castle, and, above all, the large and rapidly shifting panorama of the battle of Flodden Field—these are pictures which a reader will not easily forget. It is worthy of notice, too, that the most successful of these descriptions are those like the reception of Marmion and the battle, which involve an element of rapid movement.

The crude supernaturalism of the *Lay* gives way in *Marmion* to a kind of realism which knows how to get the heightened effects of supernaturalism by

purely natural means. The night-ride of Marmion, for instance, suggests for a time the most eerie and ghoulish thoughts, but is at last rationally explained. Scott has not yet, it is true, ceased to deal in the merely supernatural, as is shown by the mysterious vision of foreboding which De Wilton and the Abbess behold above the Cross of Edinburgh; but he has learned to use the supernatural with greater reserve, and to give to his poetry as a whole an appearance of everyday truth.

The metre of *Marmion* is smoother and more felicitous than that of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel;* and fuller of lively transitions, less prone to monotony, than that of the *Lady of the Lake.* Scott never uses metre very delicately, but he frequently puts into it a soldierly music which stirs the blood and impresses itself on the memory. It is of the bugle, the drum, or his own native bagpipe, rather than of the organ or the violin, that we think in connection with his verse. His purely lyrical quality is shown admirably in Fitz-Eustace's song. His power to make verse reflect the excitement of a crowded moment is best shown in the quarrel between Marmion and Douglas. His mastery of the airier suggestions of poetry and his ability to mirror them in sound is perhaps best exemplified in the following passage, describing the tolling of Constance's death-knell. It is perhaps the most imaginative bit of description which Scott's work contains:

Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,
His beads the wakeful hermit told,
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept e'er half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostrils to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST

TO WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, ESQ.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest

I

NOVEMBER'S sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear:
Late, gazing down the steepy linn
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through:
Now murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and briar, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

II

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our Forest hills is shed;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
Away hath passed the heather-bell
That bloom'd so rich on Needpath Fell;

Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To shelter'd dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines:
In meek despondency they eye
The wither'd sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill:
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But shivering follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

III

My imps, though hardy, bold and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower;
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask,—Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?

IV

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bowe

Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

V

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But oh! my Country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise;
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasp'd the victor steel?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where glory weeps o'er NELSON'S shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb!

VI

Deep graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart!
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave
Who victor died on Gadite wave;

To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given,
Where'er his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd,—and was no more.

VII

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar;
Who, born to guide such high emprize,
For Britain's weal was early wise;
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins an early grave!
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,
The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm, to aid the freeman's laws.

VIII

Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,

Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne:
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

IX

Oh, think, how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,
With Palinure's unalter'd mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repell'd,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way!
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallow'd day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, PITT, lies here!

X

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employ'd, and wanted most,
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below:
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
"All peace on earth, good-will to men;"
If ever from an English heart,
O, *here* let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record that Fox a Briton died!

When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was barter'd by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,
The sullied olive-branch return'd,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colours to the mast!
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in his honour'd grave,
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

XI

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
How high they soar'd above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Look'd up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and FOX alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.

Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
Where—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
And FOX's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,—
"Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom
Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen?"

XII

Rest, ardent Spirits! till the cries
Of dying Nature bid you rise;
Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
The leaden silence of your hearse;
Then, O, how impotent and vain
This grateful tributary strain!
Though not unmark'd from northern clime,
Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme:
His Gothic harp has o'er you rung;
The Bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless names has sung.

XIII

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
My wilder'd fancy still beguile!

From this high theme how can I part,
Ere half unloaded is my heart!
For all the tears e'er sorrow drew,
And all the raptures fancy knew,
And all the keener rush of blood
That throbs through bard in bard-like mood,
Were here a tribute mean and low,
Though all their mingled streams could flow—
Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
In one spring-tide of ecstasy!—
It will not be—it may not last—
The vision of enchantment's past:
Like frostwork in the morning ray,
The fancied fabric melts away;
Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone,
And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone;
And, lingering last, deception dear,
The choir's high sounds die on my ear.
Now slow return the lonely down,
The silent pastures bleak and brown,
The farm begirt with copsewood wild,
The gambols of each frolic child,
Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

XIV

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
Thus Nature disciplines her son:
Meeter, she says, for me to stray,
And waste the solitary day

In plucking from yon fen the reed,
And watch it floating down the Tweed;
Or idly list the shrilling lay
With which the milkmaid cheers her way,
Marking its cadence rise and fail,
As from the field, beneath her pail,
She trips it down the uneven dale:
Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,
The ancient shepherd's tale to learn;
Though oft he stop in rustic fear,
Lest his old legends tire the ear
Of one who, in his simple mind,
May boast of book-learn'd taste refined.

XV

But thou, my friend, canst fitly tell,
(For few have read romance so well,)
How still the legendary lay
O'er poet's bosom holds its sway;
How on the ancient minstrel strain
Time lays his palsied hand in vain;
And how our hearts at doughty deeds,
By warriors wrought in steely weeds,
Still throb for fear and pity's sake;
As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgana's fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Despising spells and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unburied corse;
Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move,

(Alas, that lawless was their love!)
He sought proud Tarquin in his den,
And freed full sixty knights; or when,
A sinful man and unconfess'd,
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
He might not view with waking eye.

XVI

The mightiest chiefs of British song
Scorn'd not such legends to prolong:
They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme;
And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again,
But that a ribald King and Court
Bade him toil on, to make them sport;
Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song, and play;
The world defrauded of the high design,
Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line.

XVII

Warm'd by such names, well may we then,
Though dwindled sons of little men,
Essay to break a feeble lance
In the fair fields of old romance;
Or seek the moated castle's cell,

Where long through talisman and spell,
While tyrants ruled and damsels wept,
Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept:
There sound the harpings of the North,
Till he awake and sally forth,
On venturous quest to prick again,
In all his arms, with all his train,
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,
Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,
And wizard with his wand of might,
And errant maid on palfrey white.
Around the Genius weave their spells,
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells;
Mystery, half-veil'd and half-reveal'd;
And Honour, with his spotless shield;
Attention, with fix'd eye; and Fear,
That loves the tale she shrinks to hear;
And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;
And Valour, lion-mettled lord,
Leaning upon his own good sword.

XVIII

Well has thy fair achievement shown
A worthy meed may thus be won;
Ytene's oaks—beneath whose shade
Their theme the merry minstrels made,
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,
And that Red King, who, while of old
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,

By his lov'd huntsman's arrow bled—
Ytene's oaks have heard again
Renew'd such legendary strain;
For thou hast sung, how He of Gaul,
That Amadis so famed in hall,
For Oriana, foil'd in fight
The Necromancer's felon might;
And well in modern verse hast wove
Partenopex's mystic love:
Hear, then, attentive to my lay,
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

CANTO FIRST

The Castle

I

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem'd forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

II

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The Castle gates were barr'd;

Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The Warder kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering song.

III

A distant trampling sound he hears;
He looks abroad, and soon appears,
O'er Horncliff-hill a plump of spears
Beneath a pennon gay;
A horseman, darting from the crowd,
Like lightning from a summer cloud,
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
Before the dark array.
Beneath the sable palisade,
That closed the Castle barricade,
His bugle-horn he blew;
The warder hasted from the wall,
And warn'd the Captain in the hall,
For well the blast he knew;
And joyfully that knight did call
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

IV

"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
Bring pasties of the doe,
And quickly make the entrance free,
And bid my heralds ready be,

And every minstrel sound his glee,
  And all our trumpets blow;
And, from the platform, spare ye not
To fire a noble salvo-shot;
Lord MARMION waits below!''
Then to the Castle's lower ward
  Sped forty yeomen tall,
The iron-studded gates unbarr'd,
Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,
The lofty palisade unsparr'd
  And let the drawbridge fall.

V

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,
His helm hung at the saddlebow;
Well by his visage you might know
He was a stalworth knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
A token true of Bosworth field;
His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire
Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
His thick moustache and curly hair,
Coal black, and grizzled here and there,
  But more through toil than age;

His square-turn'd joints and strength of limb,
Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,
But in close fight a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage.

VI

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel;
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hover'd on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast:
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soar'd sable in an azure field:
The golden legend bore aright,
Who checks at me, to death is dight.
Blue was the charger's broider'd rein;
Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII

Behind him rode two gallant squires,
Of noble name, and knightly sires;
They burn'd the gilded spurs to claim;
For well could each a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,
And lightly bear the ring away;

Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
Could dance in hall, and carve at board,
And frame love-ditties passing rare,
And sing them to a lady fair.

VIII

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
With halbert, bill, and battle-axe:
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
And led his sumpter-mules along,
And ambling palfrey, when at need
Him listed ease his battle-steed.
The last and trustiest of the four
On high his forky pennon bore;
Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
Where, blazon'd sable, as before,
The towering falcon seem'd to soar.
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hosen black and jerkins blue,
With falcons broider'd on each breast,
Attended on their lord's behest:
Each, chosen for an archer good,
Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood;
Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send;
Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,
And at their belts their quivers rung.
Their dusty palfreys and array
Show'd they had march'd a weary way.

IX

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly arm'd, and order'd how,
The soldiers of the guard,
With musket, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the Castle-yard;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his linstock yare,
For welcome-shot prepared:
Enter'd the train, and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang,
Old Norham never heard.

X

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourish'd brave,
The cannon from the ramparts blanced,
And thundering welcome gave.
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the court,
He scatter'd angels round.
"Welcome to Norham, Marmion!
Stout heart, and open hand!
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land!"

XI

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,

Stood on the steps of stone
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hail'd Lord Marmion:
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town;
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight,
All as he lighted down.
"Now, largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,
Knight of the crest of gold!
A blazon'd shield, in battle won,
Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

XII

They marshall'd him to the Castle-hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,
And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call,
And the heralds loudly cried,—
"Room, lordlings, room for Lord Marmion,
With the crest and helm of gold!
Full well we know the trophies won
In the lists at Cottiswold:
There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove
'Gainst Marmion's force to stand;
To him he lost his lady-love,
And to the King his land.
Ourselves beheld the listed field,
A sight both sad and fair;

We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,
And saw his saddle bare;
We saw the victor win the crest
He wears with worthy pride;
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
His foeman's scutcheon tied.
Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight!
Room, room, ye gentles gay,
For him who conquer'd in the right,
Marmion of Fontenaye!"

XIII

Then stepp'd to meet that noble Lord,
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.
He led Lord Marmion to the deas,
Raised o'er the pavement high,
And placed him in the upper place—
They feasted full and high:
The whiles a Northern harper rude
Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,
"*How the fierce Thirwalls, and Ridleys all,*
Stout Willimondswick,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw."
Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
The harper's barbarous lay;

Yet much he prais'd the pains he took,
And well those pains did pay:
For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,
By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

XIV

"Now, good Lord Marmion," Heron says,
"Of your fair courtesy,
I pray you bide some little space
In this poor tower with me.
Here may you keep your arms from rust,
May breathe your war-horse well;
Seldom hath pass'd a week but giust
Or feat of arms befell:
The Scots can rein a mettled steed,
And love to couch a spear;—
Saint George! a stirring life they lead,
That have such neighbours near.
Then stay with us a little space,
Our northern wars to learn;
I pray you, for your lady's grace!"—
Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

XV

The Captain mark'd his alter'd look,
And gave a squire the sign;
A mighty wassail-bowl he took,
And crown'd it high with wine.
"Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion:
But first I pray thee fair,

Where hast thou left that page of thine,
That used to serve thy cup of wine,
Whose beauty was so rare?
When last in Raby towers we met,
The boy I closely eyed,
And often mark'd his cheeks were wet
With tears he fain would hide:
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
To burnish shield or sharpen brand,
Or saddle battle-steed;
But meeter seem'd for lady fair,
To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,
Or through embroidery, rich and rare,
The slender silk to lead:
His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
His bosom—when he sigh'd,
The russet doublet's rugged fold
Could scarce repel its pride!
Say, hast thou given that lovely youth
To serve in lady's bower?
Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
A gentle paramour?"

XVI

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest;
He roll'd his kindling eye,
With pain his rising wrath suppress'd,
Yet made a calm reply:
"That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,
He might not brook the northern air;

More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,
I left him sick in Lindisfarn:
Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,
Why does thy lovely lady gay
Disdain to grace the hall to-day?
Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
Gone on some pious pilgrimage?"
He spoke in covert scorn, for fame
Whisper'd light tales of Heron's dame.

XVII

Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the taunt,
Careless the Knight replied,
"No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,
Delights in cage to bide:
Norham is grim and grated close,
Hemm'd in by battlement and fosse,
And many a darksome tower;
And better loves my lady bright
To sit in liberty and light
In fair Queen Margaret's bower.
We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;
But where shall we find leash or band,
For dame that loves to rove?
Let the wild falcon soar her swing,
She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."—

XVIII

"Nay, if with Royal James's bride
The lovely Lady Heron bide,

Behold me here a messenger,
Your tender greetings prompt to bear;
For, to the Scottish court address'd,
I journey at our King's behest,
And pray you, of your grace, provide
For me, and mine, a trusty guide.
I have not ridden in Scotland since
James back'd the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Ayton tower."—

XIX

"For such-like need, my lord, I trow,
Norham can find you guides enow;
For here be some have prick'd as far
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar;
Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale;
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their hoods."—

XX

"Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried,
"Were I in warlike wise to ride,
A better guard I would not lack
Than your stout forayers at my back;
But, as in form of peace I go,
A friendly messenger, to know,

Why, through all Scotland, near and far,
Their King is mustering troops for war,
The sight of plundering Border spears
Might justify suspicious fears,
And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil,
Break out in some unseemly broil:
A herald were my fitting guide;
Or friar, sworn in peace to bide;
Or pardoner, or travelling priest,
Or strolling pilgrim, at the least."

XXI

The Captain mused a little space,
And pass'd his hand across his face.—
"Fain would I find the guide you want,
But ill may spare a pursuivant,
The only men that safe can ride
Mine errands on the Scottish side:
And though a bishop built this fort,
Few holy brethren here resort;
Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
Since our last siege we have not seen:
The mass he might not sing or say
Upon one stinted meal a-day;
So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
And pray'd for our success the while.
Our Norham vicar, woe betide,
Is all too well in case to ride;
The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein
The wildest war-horse in your train;

But then, no spearman in the hall
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.
Friar John of Tillmouth were the man:
A blithesome brother at the can,
A welcome guest in hall and bower,
He knows each castle, town, and tower,
In which the wine and ale is good,
'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.
But that good man, as ill befalls,
Hath seldom left our castle walls,
Since, on the Vigil of Saint Bede,
In evil hour he cross'd the Tweed,
To teach Dame Alison her creed.
Old Bughtrig found him with his wife;
And John, an enemy to strife,
Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.
The jealous churl hath deeply swore
That, if again he venture o'er,
He shall shrieve penitent no more.
Little he loves such risks, I know;
Yet in your guard perchance will go."

XXII

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,
Carved to his uncle and that lord,
And reverently took up the word.—
"Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
If harm should hap to brother John.
He is a man of mirthful speech,
Can many a game and gambol teach;

Full well at tables can he play,
And sweep at bowls the stake away.
None can a lustier carol bawl,
The needfulest among us all,
When time hangs heavy in the hall,
And snow somes thick at Christmas tide,
And we can neither hunt, nor ride
A foray on the Scottish side.
The vow'd revenge of Bughtrig rude,
May end in worse than loss of hood.
Let Friar John in safety still
In chimney-corner snore his fill,
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill:
Last night, to Norham there came one,
Will better guide Lord Marmion."—
"Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fay,
Well hast thou spoke; say forth thy say."—

XXIII

"Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first, and last from Rome:
One that hath kiss'd the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine
In Araby and Palestine;
On hills of Armenie hath been,
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
Which parted at the prophet's rod;
In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The mount where Israel heard the law,

'Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin,
And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.
He shows Saint James's cockle-shell;
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;
And of that Grot where Olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retired to God.

XXIV

"To stout Saint George of Norwich merry,
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
For his sins' pardon hath he pray'd.
He knows the passes of the North,
And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth;
Little he eats, and long will wake,
And drinks but of the stream or lake.
This were a guide o'er moor and dale;
But, when our John hath quaff'd his ale,
As little as the wind that blows,
And warms itself against his nose,
Kens he, or cares, which way he goes."—

XXV

"Gramercy!" quoth Lord Marmion,
"Full loath were I, that Friar John,
That venerable man, for me
Were placed in fear or jeopardy.

If this same Palmer will me lead
From hence to Holy-Rood,
Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,
Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,
With angels fair and good.
I love such holy ramblers; still
They know to charm a weary hill
With song, romance, or lay:
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
Some lying legend, at the least,
They bring to cheer the way."—

XXVI

"Ah! noble sir," young Selby said,
And finger on his lip he laid,
"This man knows much—perchance e'en more
Than he could learn by holy lore.
Still to himself he's muttering,
And shrinks as at some unseen thing.
Last night we listen'd at his cell;
Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
He murmur'd on till morn, howe'er
No living mortal could be near.
Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
As other voices spoke again.
I cannot tell—I like it not—
Friar John hath told us it is wrote,
No conscience clear and void of wrong
Can rest awake and pray so long.

Himself still sleeps before his beads
Have mark'd ten aves and two creeds."—

XXVII

"Let pass," quoth Marmion; "by my fay,
This man shall guide me on my way,
Although the great arch-fiend and he
Had sworn themselves of company.
So please you, gentle youth, to call
This Palmer to the Castle-hall."
The summon'd Palmer came in place;
His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop-shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
His sandals were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
The faded palm-branch in his hand
Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

XXVIII

When as the Palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
Or look'd more high and keen;
For no saluting did he wait,
But strode across the hall of state,

And fronted Marmion where he sate,
As he his peer had been.
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
His cheek was sunk, alas the while!
And when he struggled at a smile,
His eye look'd haggard wild:
Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan face and sun-burn'd hair,
She had not known her child.
Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know—
For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair;
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair.
Happy whom none of these befall,
But this poor Palmer knew them all.

XXIX

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask;
The Palmer took on him the task,
So he would march with morning tide,
To Scottish court to be his guide.
"But I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way,
To fair Saint Andrews bound,
Within the ocean-cave to pray,

Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound:
Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore;
Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring
Could back to peace my bosom bring,
Or bid it throb no more!"

XXX

And now the midnight draught of sleep,
Where wine and spices richly steep,
In massive bowl of silver deep,
The page presents on knee.
Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
The Captain pledged his noble guest,
The cup went through among the rest,
Who drained it merrily;
Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,
Though Selby press'd him courteously.
This was a sign the feast was o'er;
It hush'd the merry wassel roar,
The minstrels ceased to sound.
Soon in the castle nought was heard
But the slow footstep of the guard
Pacing his sober round.

XXXI

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose:
And first the chapel doors unclose;

Then, after morning rites were done,
(A hasty mass from Friar John,)
And knight and squire had broke their fast,
On rich substantial repast,
Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse:
Then came the stirrup-cup in course:
Between the Baron and his host,
No point of courtesy was lost;
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
Solemn excuse the Captain made,
Till, filing from the gate, had pass'd
That noble train, their Lord the last.
Then loudly rung the trumpet call;
Thunder'd the cannon from the wall
And shook the Scottish shore:
Around the castle eddied slow,
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
And hid its turrets hoar;
Till they roll'd forth upon the air,
And met the river breezes there,
Which gave again the prospect fair.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND

TO THE REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest

I

THE scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd once a forest fair,
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon Thorn—perchance whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers—
Yon lonely Thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock,
And through the foliage show'd his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook!

"Here, in my shade," methinks he'd say,
"The mighty stag at noon-tide lay:
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,
(The neighbouring dingle bears his name,)
With lurching step around me prowl,
And stop, against the moon to howl;
The mountain-boar, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet;
While doe, and roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by through gay greenwood.
Then oft from Newark's riven tower
Sallied a Scottish monarch's power:
A thousand vassals muster'd round,
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound;
And I might see the youth intent
Guard every pass with crossbow bent;
And through the brake the rangers stalk,
And falc'ners hold the ready hawk;
And foresters, in greenwood trim,
Lead in the leash the gazehounds grim,
Attentive, as the bratchet's bay
From the dark covert drove the prey,
To slip them as he broke away.
The startled quarry bounds amain,
As fast the gallant greyhounds strain;
Whistles the arrow from the bow,
Answers the harquebuss below;
While all the rocking hills reply
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunters' cry,
And bugles ringing lightsomely."

II

Of such proud huntings many tales
Yet linger in our lonely dales,
Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,
Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow.
But not more blithe that silvan court,
Than we have been at humbler sport;
Though small our pomp and mean our game,
Our mirth, dear Marriott, was the same.
Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
O'er holt or hill there never flew,
From slip or leash there never sprang,
More fleet of foot, or sure of fang.
Nor dull, between each merry chase,
Pass'd by the intermitted space;
For we had fair resource in store,
In Classic and in Gothic lore:
We mark'd each memorable scene,
And held poetic talk between;
Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
But had its legend or its song.
All silent now—for now are still
Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill!
No longer from thy mountains dun,
The yeoman hears the well-known gun,
And while his honest heart glows warm
At thought of his paternal farm,
Round to his mates a brimmer fills,
And drinks, "The Chieftain of the Hills!"

No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers
Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,
Fair as the elves whom Janet saw
By moonlight dance on Carterhaugh;
No youthful Baron's left to grace
The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,
And ape, in manly step and tone,
The majesty of Oberon:
And she is gone whose lovely face
Is but her least and lowest grace;
Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere given,
To show our earth the charms of Heaven,
She could not glide along the air,
With form more light, or face more fair.
No more the widow's deafen'd ear
Grows quick that lady's step to hear:
At noontide she expects her not,
Nor busies her to trim the cot:
Pensive she turns her humming-wheel,
Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal;
Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread,
The gentle hand by which they're fed.

III

From Yaïr,—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil,—
Her long-descended lord is gone,
And left us by the stream alone.

And much I miss those sportive boys,
Companions of my mountain joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Close to my side with what delight
They press'd to hear of Wallace wight,
When, pointing to his airy mound,
I call'd his ramparts holy ground!
Kindled their brows to hear me speak;
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure,
They will not, cannot, long endure;
Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,
You may not linger by the side;
For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
And Passion ply the sail and oar.
Yet cherish the remembrance still
Of the lone mountain, and the rill;
For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
When fiercer transport shall be dumb,
And you will think right frequently,
But, well, I hope, without a sigh,
On the free hours that we have spent
Together, on the brown hill's bent.

IV

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,

Something, my friend, we yet may gain;
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils;
But in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake;
Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;

There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude.
So stilly is the solitude.

V

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

VI

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
And Fate had cut my ties to life,
Here have I thought 'twere sweet to dwell,
And rear again the chaplain's cell,
Like that same peaceful hermitage,
Where Milton long'd to spend his age.
'Twere sweet to mark the setting day,
On Bourhope's lonely top decay;
And, as it faint and feeble died

On the broad lake, and mountain's side,
To say, "Thus pleasures fade away;
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey;"
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower,
And think on Yarrow's faded Flower:
And when that mountain-sound I heard,
Which bids us be for storm prepared,
The distant rustling of his wings,
As up his force the Tempest brings,
'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
To sit upon the Wizard's grave—
That Wizard-Priest's whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust;
On which no sunbeam ever shines—
(So superstition's creed divines)—
Thence view the lake with sullen roar,
Heave her broad billows to the shore;
And mark the wild swans mount the gale,
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,
And ever stoop again, to lave
Their bosoms on the surging wave:
Then, when against the driving hail
No longer might my plaid avail,
Back to my lonely home retire,
And light my lamp, and trim my fire;
There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tale had all its sway,
And, in the bittern's distant shriek,
I heard unearthly voices speak,

And thought the Wizard-Priest was come,
To claim again his ancient home!
And bade my busy fancy range,
To frame him fitting shape and strange,
Till from the task my brow I clear'd,
And smiled to think that I had fear'd.

VII

But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life,
(Though but escape from fortune's strife,)
Something most matchless good and wise,
A great and grateful sacrifice;
And deem each hour to musing given,
A step upon the road to heaven.

VIII

Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,
Such peaceful solitudes displease;
He loves to drown his bosom's jar
Amid the elemental war:
And my black Palmer's choice had been
Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark Loch-skene.
There eagles scream from isle to shore;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven;
Through the rude barriers of the lake,
Away its hurrying waters break,

Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemn'd to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prison'd by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene,
Just on the edge, straining his ken
To view the bottom of the den,
Where, deep deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

IX

Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has rung:
Then list to me, and thou shalt know
Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

CANTO SECOND

The Convent

I

The breeze which swept away the smoke
Round Norham Castle roll'd,
When all the loud artillery spoke,
With lightning-flash and thunder-stroke,
As Marmion left the Hold.
It curl'd not Tweed alone, that breeze,
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew, and strong,
Where, from high Whitby's cloister'd pile,
Bound to Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle,
It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laugh'd, to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.
Much joy'd they in their honour'd freight;
For, on the deck, in chair of state,
The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

II

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
Like birds escaped to greenwood shades,
Their first flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too,
For all to them was strange and new,
And all the common sights they view,
Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
With many a benedicite;
One at the rippling surge grew pale,
And would for terror pray;
Then shriek'd, because the sea-dog, nigh,
His round black head and sparkling eye
Rear'd o'er the foaming spray;
And one would still adjust her veil,
Disorder'd by the summer gale,
Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy;
Perchance, because such action graced
Her fair-turn'd arm and slender waist.
Light was each simple bosom there,
Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—
The Abbess and the Novice Clare.

III

The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,

Or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair too she was, and kind had been
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lover sigh,
Nor knew the influence of her eye.
Love to her ear was but a name,
Combined with vanity and shame;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall:
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
Was of monastic rule the breach;
And her ambition's highest aim
To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dower
To raise the convent's eastern tower;
For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She deck'd the chapel of the saint,
And gave the relic-shrine of cost,
With ivory and gems emboss'd.
The poor her Convent's bounty blest,
The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

IV

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
Reform'd on Benedictine school;
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;
Vigils and penitence austere
Had early quench'd the light of youth,
But gentle was the dame, in sooth;
Though, vain of her religious sway,

She loved to see her maids obey.
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
And the nuns loved their Abbess well.
Sad was this voyage to the dame;
Summon'd to Lindisfarne, she came,
There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old
And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
A chapter of Saint Benedict,
For inquisition stern and strict,
On two apostates from the faith,
And, if need were, to doom to death.

V

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,
Save this, that she was young and fair;
As yet, a novice unprofess'd,
Lovely and gentle, but distress'd.
She was betroth'd to one now dead,
Or worse, who had dishonour'd fled.
Her kinsmen bade her give her hand
To one, who loved her for her land:
Herself, almost heart-broken now,
Was bent to take the vestal vow,
And shroud within Saint Hilda's gloom
Her blasted hopes and wither'd bloom.

VI

She sate upon the galley's prow,
And seem'd to mark the waves below;

Nay, seem'd, so fix'd her look and eye,
To count them as they glided by.
She saw them not—'twas seeming all—
Far other scene her thoughts recall,—
A sun-scorch'd desert, waste and bare,
Nor waves, nor breezes, murmur'd there;
There saw she, where some careless hand
O'er a dead corpse had heap'd the sand,
To hide it till the jackals come
To tear it from the scanty tomb.—
See what a woful look was given,
As she raised up her eyes to heaven!

VII

Lovely, and gentle, and distress'd—
These charms might tame the fiercest breast;
Harpers have sung and poets told
That he, in fury uncontroll'd,
The shaggy monarch of the wood,
Before a virgin fair and good,
Hath pacified his savage mood.
But passions in the human frame
Oft put the lion's rage to shame:
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
With sordid avarice in league,
Had practised with their bowl and knife,
Against the mourner's harmless life.
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay
Prison'd in Cuthbert's islet grey.

VIII

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They mark'd, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;
They pass'd the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son;
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell
To the good Saint who own'd the cell;
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
And next, they cross'd themselves, to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's cavern'd shore;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd they there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reach'd the Holy Island's bay.

IX

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,

And girdled in the Saint's domain:
For, with the flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle;
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day, the waves efface
Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace.
As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The Castle, with its battled walls,
The ancient Monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.

X

In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk
To emulate in stone.
On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had pour'd his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand

Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilded in a later style,
Show'd where the spoiler's hand had been;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And moulder'd in his niche the saint,
And rounded with consuming power
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong,
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half drown'd amid the breakers' roar,
According chorus rose:
Down to the haven of the Isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim;
Banner, and cross, and relics there,
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare;
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn.
The islanders in joyous mood
Rush'd emulously through the flood,

To hale the bark to land;
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,
And bless'd them with her hand.

XII

Suppose we now the welcome said,
Suppose the Convent banquet made:
All through the holy dome,
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
Wherever vestal maid might pry,
Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye,
The stranger sisters roam:
Till fell the evening damp with dew,
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
For there, even summer night is chill.
Then, having stray'd and gazed their fill,
They closed around the fire;
And all, in turn, essay'd to paint
The rival merits of their saint,
A theme that ne'er can tire
A holy maid; for, be it known,
That their saint's honour is their own.

XIII

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told
How to their house three Barons bold
Must menial service do;
While horns blow out a note of shame,

And monks cry "Fye upon your name!
In wrath, for loss of silvan game,
  Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."—
"This, on Ascension-day, each year,
While labouring on our harbour-pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."—
They told, how in their convent cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
  The lovely Edelfled.
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone
  When holy Hilda pray'd;
Themselves, within their holy bound,
Their stony folds had often found.
They told how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
As over Whitby's towers they sail,
And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint.

XIV

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail,
To vie with these in holy tale;
His body's resting-place, of old,
How oft their patron changed, they told;
How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
They rested them in fair Melrose;

But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose;
For, wondrous tale to tell!
In his stone coffin forth he rides
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair;
Chester-le-Street and Rippon saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
Hail'd him with joy and fear;
And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear:
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid;
But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace.

XV

Who may his miracles declare!
Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir
(Although with them they led
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail,
And the bold men of Teviotdale,)

Before his standard fled.
'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
And turn'd the Conqueror back again,
When, with his Norman bowyer band,
He came to waste Northumberland.

XVI

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn
If, on a rock by Lindisfarne,
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name:
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
And said they might his shape behold,
And hear his anvil sound;
A deaden'd clang,—a huge dim form,
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm
And night were closing round.
But this, as tale of idle fame,
The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

XVII

While round the fire such legends go,
Far different was the scene of woe,
Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Council was held of life and death.
It was more dark and lone, that vault,
Than the worst dungeon cell:
Old Colwulf built it, for his fault,
In penitence to dwell,

When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
The Saxon battle-axe and crown.
This den, which, chilling every sense
Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was call'd the Vault of Penitence,
Excluding air and light,
Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made
A place of burial for such dead,
As, having died in mortal sin,
Might not be laid the church within.
'Twas now a place of punishment;
Whence if so loud a shriek were sent,
As reach'd the upper air,
The hearers bless'd themselves, and said,
The spirits of the sinful dead
Bemoan'd their torments there.

XVIII

But though, in the monastic pile,
Did of this penitential aisle
Some vague tradition go,
Few only, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay; and still more few
Were those who had from him the clew
To that dread vault to go.
Victim and executioner
Were blindfold when transported there.
In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;
The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,

Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The mildew-drops fell one by one,
With tinkling plash, upon the stone.
A cresset, in an iron chain,
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seem'd to strive,
As if it scarce might keep alive;
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful conclave met below.

XIX

There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three:
All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay;
In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shown
By the pale cresset's ray:
The Abbess of Saint Hilda's there
Sat for a space with visage bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
And tear-drops that for pity fell,
She closely drew her veil:
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
By her proud mien and flowing dress,
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,
And she with awe looks pale:
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight

Has long been quenched by age's night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace, is shown,
Whose look is hard and stern,—
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style;
For sanctity call'd, through the isle,
The Saint of Lindisfarne.

XX

Before them stood a guilty pair;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But, at the Prioress' command,
A monk undid the silver band,
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,
Whom the church number'd with the dead,
For broken vows, and convent fled.

XXI

When thus her face was given to view,
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistering fair,)
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

XXII

Her comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed;
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed;
One whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own more brute desires.
Such tools the Tempter ever needs,
To do the savagest of deeds;
For them no vision'd terrors daunt,
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt,
One fear with them, of all most base,

The fear of death,—alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak!
For there were seen in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall;—
Who enters at such grisly door,
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water, and of bread:
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless;
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Show'd the grim entrance of the porch:
Reflecting back the smoky beam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
Hewn stones and cement were display'd,
And building tools in order laid.

XXIV

These executioners were chose,
As men who were with mankind foes,

And with despite and envy fired,
Into the cloister had retired;
Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,
Strove, by deep penance, to efface
Of some foul crime the stain;
For, as the vassals of her will,
Such men the Church selected still,
As either joy'd in doing ill,
Or thought more grace to gain,
If, in her cause, they wrestled down
Feelings their nature strove to own.
By strange device were they brought there,
They knew not how, and knew not where.

XXV

And now that blind old Abbot rose,
To speak the Chapter's doom,
On those the wall was to enclose,
Alive, within the tomb;
But stopp'd, because that woful Maid,
Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd.
Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain;
Her accents might no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip;
'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
You seem'd to hear a distant rill,—
'Twas ocean's swells and falls;
For though this vault of sin and fear
Was to the sounding surge so near,

A tempest there you scarce could hear,
So massive were the walls.

XXVI

At length an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And colour dawn'd upon her cheek,
A hectic and a flutter'd streak,
Like that left on the Cheviot peak
By Autumn's stormy sky;
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gather'd strength,
And arm'd herself to bear.
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair.

XXVII

"I speak not to implore your grace,
Well know I, for one minute's space
Successless might I sue:
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For if a death of lingering pain,
To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,
Vain are your masses too.—
I listen'd to a traitor's tale,
I left the convent and the veil;
For three long years I bow'd my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride;

And well my folly's meed he gave,
Who forfeited, to be his slave,
All here, and all beyond the grave.—
He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more.—
'Tis an old tale, and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betray'd for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like **me!**

XXVIII

"The King approved his favourite's aim;
In vain a rival barr'd his claim,
Whose fate with Clare's was plight,
For he attaints that rival's fame
With treason's charge—and on they came,
In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are pray'd,
Their lances in the rest are laid,
They meet in mortal shock;
And, hark! the throng, with thundering cry,
Shout 'Marmion, Marmion! to the sky,
De Wilton to the block!'
Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide
When in the lists two champions ride,
Say, was Heaven's justice here?

When, loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death
Beneath a traitor's spear?
How false the charge, how true he fell,
This guilty packet best can tell."—
Then drew a packet from her breast,
Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the rest.

XXIX

"Still was false Marmion's bridal staid;
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.
'Ho! shifts she thus?' king Henry cried.
'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun.'
One way remained—the King's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd
For Clara and for me:
This caitiff Monk for gold did swear
He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
And by his drugs my rival fair
A saint in heaven should be.
But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose cowardice has undone us both.

XXX

"And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.

Had fortune my last hope betray'd,
This packet, to the King convey'd,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke.—
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

XXXI

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends!
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic King
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;
Some traveller then shall find my bones
Whitening amid disjointed stones,
And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be."

XXXII

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air:
Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair;

The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seem'd to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listen'd for the avenging storm;
The judges felt the victim's dread;
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—
"Sister, let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother, part in peace!"
From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution too, and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three;
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

XXXIII

An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day;
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan:
With speed their upward way they take,

(Such speed as age and fear can make,)
And cross'd themselves for terror's sake,
As hurrying, tottering on:
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,
They seem'd to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,
His beads the wakeful hermit told,
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said:
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD

TO WILLIAM ERSKINE, ESQ.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest

I

Like April morning clouds, that pass
With varying shadow o'er the grass,
And imitate on field and furrow
Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow;
Like streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth,
Now winding slow its silver train,
And almost slumbering on the plain;
Like breezes of the Autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast,
When the ear deems its murmur past;
Thus various, my romantic theme
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race;
Pleased, views the rivulet afar,
Weaving its maze irregular;
And pleased, we listen as the breeze
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees:

Then, wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,
Flow on, flow unconfined, my Tale!

II

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell
I love the license all too well,
In sounds now lowly, and now strong,
To raise the desultory song?—
Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,
Some transient fit of lofty rhyme
To thy kind judgment seem'd excuse
For many an error of the muse,
Oft hast thou said, "If, still mis-spent,
Thine hours to poetry are lent,
Go, and to tame thy wandering course,
Quaff from the fountain at the source;
Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb
Immortal laurels ever bloom:
Instructive of the feebler bard,
Still from the grave their voice is heard;
From them, and from the paths they show'd,
Choose honour'd guide and practised road:
Nor ramble on through brake and maze,
With harpers rude, of barbarous days.

III

"Or deem'st thou not our later time
Yields topic meet for classic rhyme?
Hast thou no elegiac verse

For Brunswick's venerable hearse?
What! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
When valour bleeds for liberty?—
Oh, hero of that glorious time,
When, with unrivall'd light sublime,—
Though martial Austria, and though all
The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
Though banded Europe stood her foes—
The star of Brandenburgh arose!
Thou could'st not live to see her beam
For ever quench'd in Jena's stream.
Lamented Chief!—it was not given
To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
And crush that dragon in its birth,
Predestined scourge of guilty earth.
Lamented Chief!—not thine the power,
To save in that presumptuous hour.
When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield;
Valour and skill 'twas thine to try,
And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.
Ill had it seem'd thy silver hair
The last, the bitterest pang to share,
For princedoms reft, and scutcheons riven,
And birthrights to usurpers given;
Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,
And witness woes thou couldst not heal:
On thee relenting Heaven bestows
For honour'd life an honour'd close;
And when revolves, in time's sure change,

The hour of Germany's revenge,
When, breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake,
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK'S tomb.

IV

"Or of the Red-Cross hero teach,
Dauntless in dungeon as on breach:
Alike to him, the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridle, or the oar:
Alike to him the war that calls
Its votaries to the shatter'd walls
Which the grim Turk, besmear'd with blood,
Against the Invincible made good;
Or that whose thundering voice could wake
The silence of the polar lake,
When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede,
On the warp'd wave their death-game play'd;
Or that, where Vengeance and Affright
Howl'd round the father of the fight,
Who snatch'd, on Alexandria's sand,
The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.

V

"Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that rung
From the wild harp which silent hung

By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er
When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame,
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again."

VI

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,
With praises not to me belonging,
In task more meet for mightiest powers,
Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours.
But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd
That secret power by all obey'd,
Which warps not less the passive mind,
Its source conceal'd or undefined;
Whether an impulse, that has birth
Soon as the infant wakes on earth,
One with our feelings and our powers,
And rather part of us than ours;
Or whether fitlier term'd the sway
Of habit form'd in early day?
Howe'er derived, its force confest
Rules with despotic sway the breast,
And drags us on by viewless chain,
While taste and reason plead in vain.

Look east, and ask the Belgian why,
Beneath Batavia's sultry sky,
He seeks not eager to inhale
The freshness of the mountain gale,
Content to rear his whitened wall
Beside the dank and dull canal?
He'll say, from youth he loved to see
The white sail gliding by the tree.
Or see yon weather-beaten hind,
Whose sluggish herds before him wind,
Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged cheek
His northern clime and kindred speak;
Through England's laughing meads he goes,
And England's wealth around him flows;
Ask, if it would content him well,
At ease in those gay plains to dwell,
Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen,
And spires and forests intervene,
And the neat cottage peeps between?
No! not for these will he exchange
His dark Lochaber's boundless range,
Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
Bennevis grey, and Garry's lake.

VII

Thus, while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charmed me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings, roused in life's first day,

Glow in the line and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song;
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale;
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed;
Yet was poetic impulse given
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round survey'd;
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvell'd as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind
Of forayers, who with headlong force
Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, fill'd the hall

With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.
Methought that still with trump and clang,
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars,
And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans in headlong sway
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretch'd at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war display'd;
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
And still the scatter'd Southron fled before.

VIII

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,
Anew, each kind familiar face
That brighten'd at our evening fire!
From the thatch'd mansion's grey-hair'd Sire,
Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood;
Whose eye in age, quick, clear, and keen,

Show'd what in youth its glance had been;
Whose doom discording neighbours sought,
Content with equity unbought;
To him the venerable Priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint;
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke:
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caress'd.

IX

For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well-conn'd task?
Nay, Erskine, nay—On the wild hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave untrimm'd the eglantine:
Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigour to my lays;
Since oft thy judgment could refine
My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous line;
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
And in the minstrel spare the friend.
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale!

CANTO THIRD

The Hostel, or Inn

I

The livelong day Lord Marmion rode:
The mountain path the Palmer show'd
By glen and streamlet winded still,
Where stunted birches hid the rill.
They might not choose the lowland road,
For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.
Oft on the trampling band, from crown
Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down;
On wing of jet, from his repose
In the deep heath, the black-cock rose;
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,
Nor waited for the bending bow;
And when the stony path began,
By which the naked peak they wan,
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
The noon had long been pass'd before
They gain'd the height of Lammermoor;
Thence winding down the northern way,
Before them, at the close of day,
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

II

No summons calls them to the tower,
To spend the hospitable hour.
To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone;
His cautious dame, in bower alone,
Dreaded her castle to unclose,
So late, to unknown friends or foes.
On through the hamlet as they paced
Before a porch whose front was graced
With bush and flagon trimly placed,
Lord Marmion drew his rein:
The village inn seem'd large, though rude;
Its cheerful fire and hearty food
Might well relieve his train.
Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,
With jingling spurs the court-yard rung;
They bind their horses to the stall,
For forage, food, and firing call,
And various clamour fills the hall:
Weighing the labour with the cost,
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

III

Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,
Through the rude hostel might you gaze;
Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,
The rafters of the sooty roof
Bore wealth of winter cheer;
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,

And gammons of the tusky boar,
And savoury haunch of deer.
The chimney arch projected wide;
Above, around it, and beside,
Were tools for housewives' hand;
Nor wanted, in that martial day,
The implements of Scottish fray,
The buckler, lance, and brand.
Beneath its shade, the place of state,
On oaken settle Marmion sate,
And view'd around the blazing hearth.
His followers mix in noisy mirth;
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,
From ancient vessels ranged aside,
Full actively their host supplied.

IV

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,
And laughter theirs at little jest;
And oft Lord Marmion deign'd to aid,
And mingle in the mirth they made;
For though, with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he,
Yet, trained in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardy heart.
They love a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May;
With open hand and brow as free,
Lover of wine and minstrelsy;
Ever the first to scale a tower,

As venturous in a lady's bower:—
Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

V

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
Right opposite the Palmer stood;
His thin dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood.
Still fix'd on Marmion was his look,
Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
Strove by a frown to quell;
But not for that, though more than once
Full met their stern encountering glance,
The Palmer's visage fell.

VI

By fits less frequent from the crowd
Was heard the burst of laughter loud;
For still, as squire and archer stared
On that dark face and matted beard,
Their glee and game declined.
All gazed at length in silence drear,
Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear
Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
Thus whisper'd forth his mind:—
"Saint Mary! saw'st thou e'er such sight?
How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
Whene'er the firebrand's fickle light
Glances beneath his cowl!

Full on our Lord he sets his eye;
For his best palfrey would not I
Endure that sullen scowl."

VII

But Marmion, as to chase the awe
Which thus had quell'd their hearts who saw
The ever-varying fire-light show
That figure stern and face of woe,
Now call'd upon a squire:—
"Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,
To speed the lingering night away?
We slumber by the fire."—

VIII

"So please you," thus the youth rejoined,
"Our choicest minstrel's left behind.
Ill may we hope to please your ear,
Accustom'd Constant's strains to hear.
The harp full deftly can he strike,
And wake the lover's lute alike;
To dear Saint Valentine, no thrush
Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush,
No nightingale her love-lorn tune
More sweetly warbles to the moon.
Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,
Detains from us his melody,
Lavish'd on rocks and billows stern,
Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.

Now must I venture, as I may,
To sing his favourite roundelay."

IX

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,
The air he chose was wild and sad;
Such have I heard in Scottish land
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer
On Lowland plains the ripen'd ear.
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song:
Oft have I listen'd and stood still,
As it came soften'd up the hill,
And deem'd it the lament of men
Who languish'd for their native glen;
And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehanna's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again!

X

Song

Where shall the lover rest
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?

Where, through groves deep and high,
  Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
  Under the willow.

CHORUS

Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
  Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
  Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
  Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
  Never, O never!

CHORUS

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

XI

Where shall the traitor rest,
  He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
  Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
  Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
  With groans of the dying.

CHORUS

Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessings shall hallow it,—
Never, O never!

CHORUS

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

XII

It ceased, the melancholy sound;
And silence sunk on all around.
The air was sad; but sadder still
It fell on Marmion's ear,
And plain'd as if disgrace and ill,
And shameful death, were near.
He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
And rested with his head a space
Reclining on his hand.
His thoughts I scan not; but I ween,
That, could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,

Would scarce have wish'd to be their prey,
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

XIII

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear for their scourge mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave!
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,
Even while they writhe beneath the smart
Of civil conflict in the heart.
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said,—
"Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seem'd in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?
Say, what may this portend?"—
Then first the Palmer silence broke,
(The livelong day he had not spoke,)
"The death of a dear friend."

XIV

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er changed in worst extremity;
Marmion, whose soul could scantly brook,
Even from his King, a haughty look;
Whose accent of command controll'd
In camps the boldest of the bold;—

Thought, look, and utterance fail'd him now—
Fall'n was his glance, and flush'd his brow;
For either in the tone,
Or something in the Palmer's look,
So full upon his conscience strook,
That answer he found none.
Thus oft it haps, that when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes vail their eyes
Before their meanest slave.

XV

Well might he falter!—By his aid
Was Constance Beverley betray'd.
Not that he augur'd of the doom
Which on the living closed the tomb:
But, tired to hear the desperate maid
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid;
And wroth because in wild despair
She practised on the life of Clare;
Its fugitive the Church he gave,
Though not a victim, but a slave;
And deem'd restraint in convent strange
Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.
Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,
Held Romish thunders idle fear;
Secure his pardon he might hold
For some slight mulct of penance-gold.

Thus judging, he gave secret way,
When the stern priests surprised their prey.
His train but deem'd the favourite page
Was left behind, to spare his age;
Or other if they deem'd, none dared
To mutter what he thought and heard:
Woe to the vassal, who durst pry
Into Lord Marmion's privacy!

XVI

His conscience slept—he deem'd her well,
And safe secured in distant cell;
But, waken'd by her favourite lay,
And that strange Palmer's boding say
That fell so ominous and drear,
Full on the object of his fear,
To aid remorse's venom'd throes,
Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose;
And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd,
All lovely on his soul return'd;
Lovely as when at treacherous call
She left her convent's peaceful wall,
Crimson'd with shame, with terror mute,
Dreading alike escape, pursuit,
Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

XVII

"Alas!" he thought, "how changed that mien!
How changed these timid looks have been,

Since years of guilt and of disguise
Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes!
No more of virgin terror speaks
The blood that mantles in her cheeks:
Fierce and unfeminine, are there,
Frenzy for joy, for grief despair;
And I the cause—for whom were given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!—
Would," thought he, as the picture grows,
"I on its stalk had left the rose!
Oh, why should man's success remove
The very charms that wake his love!—
Her convent's peaceful solitude
Is now a prison harsh and rude.
And, pent within the narrow cell,
How will her spirit chafe and swell!
How brook the stern monastic laws!
The penance how—and I the cause!—
Vigil and scourge—perchance even worse!"—
And twice he rose to cry, "To horse!"—
And twice his Sovereign's mandate came,
Like damp upon a kindling flame;
And twice he thought, "Gave I not charge
She should be safe, though not at large?
They durst not, for their island, shred
One golden ringlet from her head."

XVIII

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove
Repentance and reviving love,

Like whirlwinds whose contending sway
I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,
Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,
And talkative, took up the word:
"Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you who stray
From Scotland's simple land away,
To visit realms afar,
Full often learn the art to know
Of future weal, or future woe,
By word, or sign, or star;
Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
If, knight-like, he despises fear,
Not far from hence;—if fathers old
Aright our hamlet legend told."—
These broken words the menials move,
(For marvels still the vulgar love,)
And, Marmion giving license cold,
His tale the Host thus gladly told:—

XIX

The Host's Tale

"A Clerk could tell what years have flown
Since Alexander filled our throne,
(Third monarch of that warlike name,)
And eke the time when here he came
To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord:
A braver never drew a sword;
A wiser never, at the hour
Of midnight spoke the word of power:

The same whom ancient records call
The founder of the Goblin-Hall.
I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay
Gave you that cavern to survey.
Of lofty roof and ample size,
Beneath the castle deep it lies:
To hew the living rock profound,
The floor to pave, the arch to round,
There never toil'd a mortal arm—
It all was wrought by word and charm;
And I have heard my grandsire say,
That the wild clamour and affray
Of those dread artisans of hell,
Who labour'd under Hugo's spell,
Sounded as loud as ocean's war
Among the caverns of Dunbar.

XX

"The King Lord Gifford's castle sought,
Deep labouring with uncertain thought.
Even then he muster'd all his host,
To meet upon the western coast:
For Norse and Danish galleys plied
Their oars within the Frith of Clyde.
There floated Haco's banner trim,
Above Norweyan warriors grim,
Savage of heart and large of limb;
Threatening both continent and isle,
Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle.
Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,

Heard Alexander's bugle sound,
And tarried not his garb to change,
But, in his wizard habit strange,
Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight;
His mantle lined with fox-skins white;
His high and wrinkled forehead bore
A pointed cap, such as of yore
Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore:
His shoes were mark'd with cross and spell,
Upon his breast a pentacle;
His zone, of virgin parchment thin,
Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,
Bore many a planetary sign,
Combust, and retrograde, and trine;
And in his hand he held prepared
A naked sword without a guard.

XXI

"Dire dealings with the fiendish race
Had mark'd strange lines upon his face;
Vigil and fast had worn him grim,
His eyesight dazzled seem'd and dim,
As one unused to upper day;
Even his own menials with dismay
Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly Sire
In his unwonted wild attire;
Unwonted, for traditions run,
He seldom thus beheld the sun.—
'I know,' he said—(his voice was hoarse
And broken seem'd its hollow force)—

'I know the cause, although untold,
Why the King seeks his vassal's hold:
Vainly from me my liege would know
His kingdom's future weal or woe;
But yet, if strong his arm and heart,
His courage may do more than art.

XXII

" 'Of middle air the demons proud,
Who ride upon the racking cloud,
Can read in fix'd or wandering star
The issues of events afar;
But still their sullen aid withhold,
Save when by mightier force controll'd.
Such late I summon'd to my hall;
And though so potent was the call
That scarce the deepest nook of hell
I deem'd a refuge from the spell,
Yet, obstinate in silence still,
The haughty demon mocks my skill.
But thou,—who little know'st thy might,
As born upon that blessed night
When yawning graves, and dying groan,
Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrown,—
With untaught valour shalt compel
Response denied to magic spell.'—
'Gramercy,' quoth our Monarch free,
'Place him but front to front with me,
And, by this good and honour'd brand,
The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,

Soothly I swear that, tide what tide,
The demon shall a buffet bide.'—
His bearing bold the wizard view'd,
And thus, well pleased, his speech renew'd:—
'There spoke the blood of Malcolm!—mark:
Forth pacing hence at midnight dark
The rampart seek, whose circling crown
Crests the ascent of yonder down:
A southern entrance shalt thou find;
There halt, and there thy bugle wind.
And trust thine elfin foe to see,
In guise of thy worst enemy:
Couch then thy lance and spur thy steed—
Upon him! and Saint George to speed!
If he go down, thou soon shalt know
Whate'er these airy sprites can show;—
If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
I am no warrant for thy life.'

XXIII

"Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
Alone and arm'd, forth rode the King
To that old camp's deserted round.
Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,
Left hand the town,—the Pictish race,
The trench, long since, in blood did trace;
The moor around is brown and bare,
The space within is green and fair.
The spot our village children know,
For there the earliest wild-flowers grow;

But woe betide the wandering wight,
That treads its circle in the night!
The breadth across, a bowshot clear,
Gives ample space for full career:
Opposed to the four points of heaven,
By four deep gaps are entrance given.
The southernmost our Monarch past,
Halted, and blew a gallant blast;
And on the north, within the ring,
Appear'd the form of England's King,
Who then, a thousand leagues afar,
In Palestine waged holy war:
Yet arms like England's did he wield,
Alike the leopards in the shield,
Alike his Syrian courser's frame,
The rider's length of limb the same:
Long afterwards did Scotland know,
Fell Edward was her deadliest foe.

XXIV

"The vision made our Monarch start,
But soon he mann'd his noble heart,
And in the first career they ran,
The Elfin Knight fell, horse and man;
Yet did a splinter of his lance
Through Alexander's visor glance,
And razed the skin—a puny wound.
The King, light leaping to the ground,
With naked blade his phantom foe
Compell'd the future war to show.

Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,
Where still gigantic bones remain,
Memorial of the Danish war;
Himself he saw, amid the field,
On high his brandish'd war-axe wield,
And strike proud Haco from his car,
While all around the shadowy Kings
Denmark's grim ravens cower'd their wings.
'Tis said, that in that awful night
Remoter visions met his sight,
Foreshowing future conquests far,
When our sons' sons wage northern war;
A royal city, tower and spire,
Redden'd the midnight sky with fire,
And shouting crews her navy bore
Triumphant to the victor shore.
Such signs may learned clerks explain,
They pass the wit of simple swain.

XXV

"The joyful King turn'd home again,
Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane;
But yearly, when return'd the night
Of his strange combat with the sprite,
His wound must bleed and smart;
Lord Gifford then would gibing say,
'Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay
The penance of your start.'
Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,
King Alexander fills his grave,

Our lady give him rest!
Yet still the knightly spear and shield
The Elfin Warrior doth wield
Upon the brown hill's breast;
And many a knight hath proved his chance
In the charm'd ring to break a lance,
But all have foully sped;
Save two, as legends tell, and they
Were Wallace wight and Gilbert Hay.—
Gentles, my tale is said."

XXVI

The quaighs were deep, the liquor strong,
And on the tale the yeoman-throng
Had made a comment sage and long,
But Marmion gave a sign:
And, with their lord, the squires retire;
The rest, around the hostel fire,
Their drowsy limbs recline:
For pillow, underneath each head,
The quiver and the targe were laid.
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,
Oppress'd with toil and ale, they snore:
The dying flame, in fitful change,
Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII

Apart, and nestling in the hay
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay;

Scarce by the pale moonlight were seen
The foldings of his mantle green:
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,
Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.
A cautious tread his slumber broke,
And, close beside him, when he woke,
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
Stood a tall form with nodding plume;
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
His master Marmion's voice he knew.

XXVIII

—"Fitz-Eustace! rise,—I cannot rest;—
Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,
And graver thoughts have chafed my mood:
The air must cool my feverish blood;
And fain would I ride forth to see
The scene of Elfin chivalry.
Arise, and saddle me my steed;
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed
Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves;
I would not that the prating knaves
Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
That I could credit such a tale."—
Then softly down the steps they slid,
Eustace the stable door undid,
And, darkling, Marmion's steed array'd,
While, whispering, thus the Baron said:—

XXIX

"Didst never, good my youth, hear tell
That on the hour when I was born,
Saint George, who graced my sire's chapelle,
Down from his steed of marble fell,
A weary wight forlorn?
The flattering chaplains all agree,
The champion left his steed to me.
I would, the omen's truth to show,
That I could meet this Elfin Foe!
Blithe would I battle for the right
To ask one question at the sprite:—
Vain thought! for elves, if elves there be,
An empty race, by fount or sea
To dashing waters dance and sing,
Or round the green oak wheel their ring."
Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
And from the hostel slowly rode.

XXX

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad,
And mark'd him pace the village road,
And listen'd to his horse's tramp,
Till, by the lessening sound,
He judged that of the Pictish camp
Lord Marmion sought the round.
Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's eyes,
That one, so wary held and wise,
Of whom 'twas said he scarce received

For gospel, what the church believed,—
  Should, stirr'd by idle tale,
Ride forth in silence of the night,
As hoping half to meet a sprite,
Array'd in plate and mail.
For little did Fitz-Eustace know,
That passions in contending flow
  Unfix the strongest mind;
Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,
We welcome fond credulity,
Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,
But, patient, waited till he heard,
At distance, prick'd to utmost speed,
The foot-tramp of a flying steed
  Come town-ward rushing on;
First, dead, as if on turf it trode,
Then clattering on the village road,
In other pace than forth he yode,
  Returned Lord Marmion.
Down hastily he sprung from selle,
And in his haste well-nigh he fell;
To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
And spoke no word as he withdrew:
But yet the moonlight did betray,
The falcon-crest was soil'd with clay;
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
By stains upon the charger's knee

And his left side, that on the moor
He had not kept his footing sure.
Long musing on these wondrous signs,
At length to rest the squire reclines,
Broken and short; for still, between,
Would dreams of terror intervene:
Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark
The first notes of the morning lark.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH

TO JAMES SKENE, ESQ.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest

I

An ancient Minstrel sagely said,
"Where is the life which late we led?"
That motley clown in Arden wood,
Whom humorous Jacques with envy view'd,
Not even that clown could amplify
On this trite text so long as I.
Eleven years we now may tell,
Since we have known each other well;
Since, riding side by side, our hand
First drew the voluntary brand,
And sure, through many a varied scene,
Unkindness never came between.
Away these winged years have flown,
To join the mass of ages gone;
And though deep-mark'd, like all below,
With chequer'd shades of joy and woe,
Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,
Mark'd cities lost and empires changed,
While here, at home, my narrower ken
Somewhat of manners saw and men;
Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,

Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months but seem
The recollection of a dream,
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity.

II

Even now it scarcely seems a day
Since first I tuned this idle lay;
A task so often thrown aside,
When leisure graver cares denied,
That now, November's dreary gale,
Whose voice inspired my opening tale,
That same November gale once more
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore.
Their vex'd boughs streaming to the sky,
Once more our naked birches sigh,
And Blackhouse heights and Ettrick Pen,
Have donn'd their wintry shrouds again:
And mountain dark and flooded mead
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed.
Earlier than wont along the sky,
Mix'd with the rack, the snow mists fly;
The shepherd who, in summer sun,
Had something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen;
He who, outstretch'd the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
View'd the light clouds with vacant look,

Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessen'd tide;—
At midnight now the snowy plain
Finds sterner labour for the swain.

III

When red hath set the beamless sun
Through heavy vapours dark and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
His flock he gathers and he guides
To open downs and mountain-sides,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.

The blast that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,—
Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale:
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain:
The widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

IV

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirn's loud revelry,
His native hill-notes, tuned on high
To Marion of the blithesome eye,
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed?

V

Changes not so with us, my Skene,
Of human life the varying scene?
Our youthful summer oft we see
Dance by on wings of game and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage
Against the winter of our age:
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,
His manhood spent in peace and joy;
But Grecian fires, and loud alarms
Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms.
Then happy those, since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain,—
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given;
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chasten'd by their grief.
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
When thou of late wert doom'd to twine,—
Just when thy bridal hour was by,—
The cypress with the myrtle tie.
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,
And bless'd the union of his child,
When love must change its joyous cheer,
And wipe affection's filial tear.
Nor did the actions next his end,
Speak more the father than the friend.
Scarce had lamented Forbes paid
The tribute to his Minstrel's shade;

The tale of friendship scarce was told,
Ere the narrator's heart was cold—
Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind!
But not around his honour'd urn
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn;
The thousand eyes his care had dried
Pour at his name a bitter tide;
And frequent falls the grateful dew
For benefits the world ne'er knew.
If mortal charity dare claim
The Almighty's attributed name,
Inscribe above his mouldering clay,
"The widow's shield, the orphan's stay."
Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem
My verse intrudes on this sad theme;
For sacred was the pen that wrote,
"Thy father's friend forget thou not:"
And grateful title may I plead,
For many a kindly word and deed,
To bring my tribute to his grave:—
'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.

VI

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
Recalls our summer walks again;
When, doing nought,—and, to speak true,
Not anxious to find aught to do,—
The wild unbounded hills we ranged,
While oft our talk its topic changed,

And, desultory as our way,
Ranged unconfined from grave to gay.
Even when it flagg'd, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too;
Thou bravely labouring to pourtray
The blighted oak's fantastic spray;
I spelling o'er, with much delight,
The legend of that antique knight,
Tirante by name, yclep'd the White.
At either's feet a trusty squire,
Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,
Jealous, each other's motions view'd,
And scarce suppress'd their ancient feud.
The laverock whistled from the cloud;
The stream was lively, but not loud;
From the white thorn the May-flower shed
Its dewy fragrance round our head:
Not Ariel lived more merrily
Under the blossom'd bough than we.

VII

And blithesome nights, too, have been ours,
When Winter stript the summer's bowers.
Careless we heard, what now I hear,
The wild blast sighing deep and drear,
When fires were bright and lamps beam'd gay,
And ladies tuned the lovely lay;
And he was held a laggard soul,

Who shunn'd to quaff the sparkling bowl.
Then he whose absence we deplore,
Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
The longer miss'd, bewail'd the more,
And thou, and I, and dear loved Rae,
And one whose name I may not say,
For not Mimosa's tender tree
Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,—
In merry chorus well combined,
With laughter drown'd the whistling wind.
Mirth was within, and Care without
Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.
Not but amid the buxom scene
Some grave discourse might intervene—
Of the good horse that bore him best,
His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest:
For, like mad Tom's, our chiefest care
Was horse to ride, and weapon wear.
Such nights we've had; and, though the game
Of manhood be more sober tame,
And though the field-day, or the drill,
Seem less important now—yet still
Such may we hope to share again.
The sprightly thought inspires my strain!
And mark, how, like a horseman true,
Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.

CANTO FOURTH

The Camp

I

Eustace, I said, did blithely mark
The first notes of the merry lark.
The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,
And with their light and lively call,
Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.
Whistling they came and free of heart,
But soon their mood was changed;
Complaint was heard on every part
Of something disarranged.
Some clamoured loud for armour lost;
Some brawl'd and wrangled with the host;
"By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear
That some false Scot has stolen my spear!"
Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,
Found his steed wet with sweat and mire,
Although the rated horse-boy sware,
Last night he dress'd him sleek and fair.
While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,
Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,—
"Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!
Bevis lies dying in his stall:
To Marmion who the plight dare tell

Of the good steed he loves so well?"
Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw
The charger panting on his straw;
Till one, who would seem wisest cried—
"What else but evil could betide,
With that cursed Palmer for our guide?
Better we had through mire and bush
Been lantern-led by Friar Rush."

II

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guess'd,
Nor wholly understood,
His comrades' clamorous plaints suppress'd;
He knew Lord Marmion's mood.
Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,
And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,
And did his tale display
Simply as if he knew of nought
To cause such disarray.
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
Nor marvell'd at the wonders told,—
Pass'd them as accidents of course,
And bade his clarions sound to horse.

III

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost
Had reckoned with their Scottish host;
And, as the charge he cast and paid,
"Ill thou deserv'st thy hire," he said:
"Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight?

Fairies have ridden him all the night,
And left him in a foam!
I trust that soon a conjuring band,
With English cross and blazing brand,
Shall drive the devils from this land
To their infernal home:
For in this haunted den, I trow,
All night they trample to and fro."
The laughing host looked on the hire,
"Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
And if thou comest among the rest,
With Scottish broadsword to be blest,
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo."
Here stay'd their talk,—for Marmion
Gave now the signal to set on.
The Palmer showing forth the way,
They journey'd all the morning day.

IV

The green-sward way was smooth and good,
Through Humbie's and through Saltoun's wood;
A forest glade, which varying still,
Here gave a view of dale and hill,
There narrower closed, till overhead,
A vaulted screen the branches made.
"A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said;
"Such as where errant-knights might see
Adventures of high chivalry;
Might meet some damsel flying fast,

With hair unbound and looks aghast;
And smooth and level course were here,
In her defence to break a spear.
Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells;
And oft, in such, the story tells,
The damsel kind, from danger freed,
Did grateful pay her champion's meed."
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind:
Perchance to show his lore design'd;
For Eustace much had pored
Upon a huge romantic tome,
In the hall window of his home,
Imprinted at the antique dome
Of Caxton or De Worde.
Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in vain,
For Marmion answer'd nought again.

V

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,
In notes prolong'd by wood and hill,
Were heard to echo far;
Each ready archer grasp'd his bow,
But by the flourish soon they know,
They breathed no point of war.
Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,
Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,
Some opener ground to gain;
And scarce a furlong had they rode,
When thinner trees receding show'd
A little woodland plain.

Just in that advantageous glade,
The halting troop a line had made,
As forth from the opposing shade
  Issued a gallant train.

VI

First came the trumpets at whose clang
So late the forest echoes rang;
On prancing steeds they forward press'd,
With scarlet mantle, azure vest;
Each at his trump a banner wore,
Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore:
Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothsay, came,
In painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,
  Attendant on a King-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held
That feudal strife had often quell'd,
  When wildest its alarms.

VII

He was a man of middle age;
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
  As on King's errand come;
But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen, and sly
  Expression found its home;
The flash of that satiric rage,
Which, bursting on the early stage,

Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome.
On milk-white palfrey forth he paced;
His cap of maintenance was graced
With the proud heron-plume.
From his steed's shoulder, loin and breast,
Silk housings swept the ground,
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
Embroider'd round and round.
The double tressure might you see,
First by Achaius borne,
The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,
And gallant unicorn.
So bright the King's armorial coat,
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
In living colours, blazon'd brave,
The Lion, which his title gave;
A train which well beseem'd his state,
But all unarm'd, around him wait.
Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms!

VIII

Down from his horse did Marmion spring,
Soon as he saw the Lion-King;
For well the stately Baron knew
To him such courtesy was due,
Whom royal James himself had crown'd,

And on his temples placed the round
Of Scotland's ancient diadem:
And wet his brow with hallow'd wine,
And on his finger given to shine
The emblematic gem.
Their mutual greetings duly made,
The Lion thus his message said:—
"Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore
Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,
And strictly hath forbid resort
From England to his royal court;
Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,
And honours much his warlike fame,
My liege hath deem'd it shame and lack
Of courtesy, to turn him back;
And, by his order, I, your guide,
Must lodging fit and fair provide,
Till finds King James meet time to see
The flower of English chivalry."

IX

Though inly chafed at this delay,
Lord Marmion bears it as he may.
The Palmer, his mysterious guide,
Beholding thus his place supplied,
Sought to take leave in vain;
Strict was the Lion-King's command
That none, who rode in Marmion's band,
Should sever from the train:
"England has here enow of spies

In Lady Heron's witching eyes:"
To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,
But fair pretext to Marmion made.
The right hand path they now decline,
And trace against the stream the Tyne.

X

At length up that wild dale they wind,
Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank;
For there the Lion's care assigned
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
That Castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne:
And far beneath, where slow they creep
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.
The towers in different ages rose;
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands;
A mighty mass, that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI

Crichtoun! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep,
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.

Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honour or pretence,
Quarter'd in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence.
Nor wholly yet had time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair;
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruin'd stair.
Still rises unimpair'd below,
The courtyard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row
Of fair hewn facets richly show
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but houseless cattle go,
To shield them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilom were captives pent,
The darkness of the Massy More;
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace in undulating line
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII

Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,
As through its portal Marmion rode;
But yet 'twas melancholy state
Received him at the outer gate;
For none were in the Castle then,

But women, boys, or aged men.
With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame,
To welcome noble Marmion, came;
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold;
For each man that could draw a sword
Had march'd that morning with their lord,
Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side.
Long may his Lady look in vain!
She ne'er shall see his gallant train
Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.
'Twas a brave race, before the name
Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

XIII

And here two days did Marmion rest,
With every rite that honour claims,
Attended as the King's own guest:—
Such the command of Royal James,
Who marshall'd then his land's array,
Upon the Borough-moor that lay.
Perchance he would not foeman's eye
Upon his gathering host should pry,
Till full prepared was every band
To march against the English land.
Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit
Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit;
And, in his turn, he knew to prize
Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise,—

Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,
And policies of war and peace.

XIV

It chanced, as fell the second night,
That on the battlements they walk'd,
And, by the slowly fading light
Of varying topics talked;
And, unaware, the Herald-bard
Said Marmion might his toil have spared,
In travelling so far;
For that a messenger from heaven
In vain to James had counsel given
Against the English war;
And, closer question'd, thus he told
A tale which chronicles of old
In Scottish story have enroll'd:—

XV

Sir David Lindesay's Tale

"Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild buck bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake,
The saddest heart might pleasure take

To see all nature gay.
But June is, to our Sovereign dear,
The heaviest month in all the year:
Too well his cause of grief you know,
June saw his father's overthrow.
Woe to the traitors who could bring
The princely boy against his King!
Still in his conscience burns the sting.
In offices as strict as Lent,
King James's June is ever spent.

XVI

"When last this ruthful month was come,
And in Linlithgow's holy dome
The King, as wont, was praying;
While for his royal father's soul
The chanters sung, the bells did toll,
The Bishop mass was saying—
For now the year brought round again
The day the luckless king was slain—
In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt,
With sackcloth-shirt and iron belt,
And eyes with sorrow streaming;
Around him in their stalls of state,
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
Their banners o'er them beaming.
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
Bedeafen'd with the jangling knell,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell
Through the stain'd casement gleaming;

But, while I mark'd what next befell,
It seem'd as I were dreaming.
Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight,
In azure gown, with cincture white;
His forehead bald, his head was bare,
Down hung at length his yellow hair.—
Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,
I pledge to you my knightly word
That, when I saw his placid grace,
His simple majesty of face,
His solemn bearing, and his pace
So stately gliding on,—
Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint
So just an image of the Saint
Who propp'd the Virgin in her faint,—
The loved Apostle John!

XVII

"He stepp'd before the Monarch's chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,
And little reverence made;
Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant,
And words like these he said,
In a low voice—but never tone
So thrill'd through vein, and nerve and bone:—
'My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—
Woe waits on thine array;
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,

Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware:
God keep thee as he may!'
The wondering Monarch seem'd to seek
For answer, and found none;
And when he raised his head to speak,
The monitor was gone.
The Marshal and myself had cast
To stop him as he outward pass'd,
But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
He vanish'd from our eyes,
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
That glances but, and dies."

XVIII

While Lindesay told his marvel strange.
The twilight was so pale,
He mark'd not Marmion's colour change
While listening to the tale;
But, after a suspended pause,
The Baron spoke:—"Of Nature's laws
So strong I held the force,
That never superhuman cause
Could e'er control their course.
And, three days since, had judged your aim
Was but to make your guest your game;
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
What much has changed my sceptic creed,
And made me credit aught."—He staid,
And seem'd to wish his words unsaid:

But, by that strong emotion press'd
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Even when discovery's pain,
To Lindesay did at length unfold
The tale his village host had told,
At Gifford, to his train.
Nought of the Palmer says he there,
And nought of Constance, or of Clare;
The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems
To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couch'd my head:
Fantastic thoughts return'd;
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burn'd.
So sore was the delirious goad,
I took my steed, and forth I rode,
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
Soon reach'd the camp upon the wold.
The southern entrance I pass'd through,
And halted, and my bugle blew.
Methought an answer met my ear,—
Yet was the blast so low and drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

XX

"Thus judging, for a little space
I listen'd, ere I left the place;

But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they serv'd me true,
When sudden in the ring I view,
In form distinct of shape and hue,
A mounted champion rise.—
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In single fight and mix'd affray,
And ever, I myself may say,
Have borne me as a knight;
But when this unexpected foe
Seem'd starting from the gulf below,—
I care not though the truth I show,—
I trembled with affright;
And, as I placed in rest my spear,
My hand so shook for very fear,
I scarce could couch it right.

XXI

"Why need my tongue the issue tell?
We ran our course,—my charger fell;—
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?
I roll'd upon the plain.
High o'er my head with threatening hand
The spectre shook his naked brand,—
Yet did the worst remain:
My dazzled eyes I upward cast,
Not opening hell itself could blast
Their sight, like what I saw!
Full on his face the moonbeams strook,—
A face could never be mistook!

I knew the stern vindictive look,
And held my breath for awe.
I saw the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
I well believe the last;
For ne'er from visor raised did stare
A human warrior with a glare
So grimly and so ghast.
Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;
But when to good Saint George I pray'd,
(The first time e'er I ask'd his aid,)
He plunged it in the sheath;
And, on his courser mounting light,
He seem'd to vanish from my sight:
The moonbeam droop'd, and deepest night
Sunk down upon the heath.—
'Twere long to tell what cause I have
To know his face that met me there,
Call'd by his hatred from the grave,
To cumber upper air:
Dead or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy."

XXII

Marvell'd Sir David of the Mount;
Then, learn'd in story, 'gan recount
Such chance had happ'd of old,
When once, near Norham, there did fight
A spectre fell of fiendish might,

In likeness of a Scottish knight,
With Brian Bulmer bold,
And train'd him nigh to disallow
The aid of his baptismal vow.
"And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,
With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid,
And fingers red with gore,
Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade
Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid,
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.
And yet, whate'er such legends say
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
On mountain, moor, or plain,
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
True son of chivalry should hold
These midnight terrors vain;
For seldom have such spirits power
To harm, save in the evil hour
When guilt we meditate within,
Or harbour unrepented sin."—
Lord Marmion turn'd him half aside,
And twice to clear his voice he tried,
Then press'd Sir David's hand,—
But nought, at length, in answer said;
And here their farther converse staid,
Each ordering that his band
Should bowne them with the rising day,
To Scotland's camp to take their way,—
Such was the King's command.

XXIII

Early they took Dun-Edin's road,
And I could trace each step they trode.
Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,
Lies on the path to me unknown.
Much might it boast of storied lore;
But, passing such digression o'er,
Suffice it that their route was laid
Across the furzy hills of Braid.
They pass'd the glen and scanty rill,
And climb'd the opposing bank, until
They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV

Blackford! on whose uncultured breast,
Among the broom and thorn and whin,
A truant-boy, I sought the nest,
Or listed, as I lay at rest,
While rose, on breezes thin,
The murmur of the city crowd,
And, from his steeple jangling loud,
Saint Giles's mingling din.
Now, from the summit to the plain,
Waves all the hill with yellow grain;
And o'er the landscape as I look,
Nought do I see unchanged remain,
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
To me they make a heavy moan,
Of early friendships past and gone.

XXV

But different far the change has been,
Since Marmion, from the crown
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
Upon the bent so brown:
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-moor below,
Upland, and dale, and down:—
A thousand did I say? I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequer'd all the heath between
The streamlet and the town;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular;
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green:
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array.

XXVI

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the Southern Redswire edge
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge;
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum

Of myriads up the mountain come;
The horses' tramp and tingling clank,
Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,
And charger's shrilling neigh;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flash'd from shield and lance,
The sun's reflected ray.

XXVII

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing smoke declare
To embers now the brands decay'd,
Where the night-watch their fires had made.
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war;
And there were Borthwick's Sisters seven,
And culverins which France had given.
Ill-omen'd gift! the guns remain
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

XXVIII

Nor mark'd they less, where in the air
A thousand streamers flaunted fair;
Various in shape, device, and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and square,
Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there
O'er the pavilions flew.

Highest and midmost, was descried
The royal banner floating wide;
The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,
Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight,
Whene'er the western wind unroll'd
With toil the huge and cumbrous fold,
And gave to view the dazzling field,
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

XXIX

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,—
He view'd it with a chief's delight,—
Until within him burn'd his heart,
And lightning from his eye did part,
As on the battle-day;
Such glance did falcon never dart,
When stooping on his prey.
"Oh! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
Thy King from warfare to dissuade
Were but a vain essay:
For, by St. George, were that host mine,
Not power infernal nor divine
Should once to peace my soul incline,
Till I had dimm'd their armour's shine
In glorious battle-fray!"
Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood,—
"Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good

That Kings would think withal,
When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,
'Tis better to sit still at rest
Than rise, perchance to fall."

XXX

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kiss'd,
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law:

And, broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle hand,
And, making demi-volte in air,
Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!"
The Lindesay smiled his joy to see;
Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.

XXXI

Thus, while they look'd, a flourish proud,
Where mingled trump and clarion loud,
And fife, and kettle-drum,
And sackbut deep, and psaltery,
And war-pipe with discordant cry,
And cymbal clattering to the sky,
Making wild music bold and high,
Did up the mountain come;
The whilst the bells, with distant chime,
Merrily told the hour of prime,
And thus the Lindesay spoke:
"Thus clamour still the war-notes when
The king to mass his way has ta'en,
Or to St. Katharine's of Sienne,
Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.

To you they speak of martial fame.
But me remind of peaceful game,
  When blither was their cheer,
Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,
In signal none his steed should spare,
But strive which foremost might repair
  To the downfall of the deer.

XXXII

"Nor less," he said,—"when looking forth,
I view yon Empress of the North
  Sit on her hilly throne;
Her palace's imperial bowers,
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,
Her stately halls and holy towers—
  Nor less," he said, "I moan
To think what woe mischance may bring,
And how these merry bells may ring
The death-dirge of our gallant King;
  Or with the larum call
The burghers forth to watch and ward,
'Gainst Southern sack and fires to guard
  Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall.—
But not for my presaging thought,
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!
  Lord Marmion, I say nay:
God is the guider of the field,
He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—
  But thou thyself shalt say,
When joins yon host in deadly stowre,

That England's dames must weep in bower,
Her monks the death-mass sing;
For never saw'st thou such a power
Led on by such a King."—
And now, down winding to the plain,
The barriers of the camp they gain,
And there they made a stay.—
There stays the Minstrel, till he fling
His hand o'er every Border string,
And fit his harp the pomp to sing,
Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,
In the succeeding lay.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH

TO GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

Edinburgh

I

When dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away;
When short and scant the sunbeam throws
Upon the weary waste of snows
A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron on a needy bard;
When silvan occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang, in idle trophy, near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear;
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
And greyhound, with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employ'd no more,
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor:
When in his stall the impatient steed
Is long condemn'd to rest and feed;
When from our snow-encircled home
Scarce cares the hardiest step to roam,
Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring;
When wrinkled news-page, thrice conn'd o'er,

Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
And darkling politician, cross'd,
Inveighs against the lingering post,
And answering housewife sore complains
Of carriers' snow-impeded wains;
When such the country cheer, I come,
Well pleased, to seek our city home;
For converse, and for books, to change
The Forest's melancholy range,
And welcome with renew'd delight
The busy day and social night.

II

Not here need my desponding rhyme
Lament the ravages of time,
As erst by Newark's riven towers,
And Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers.
True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,
Since on her dusky summit ranged,
Within its steepy limits pent
By bulwark, line, and battlement,
And flanking towers, and laky flood,
Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
Denying entrance or resort,
Save at each tall embattled port;
Above whose arch, suspended, hung
Portcullis spiked with iron prong.
That long is gone,—but not so long,
Since, early closed and opening late,
Jealous revolved the studded gate,

Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
A wicket churlishly supplied.
Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
Dun-Edin! O, how alter'd now,
When safe amid thy mountain court
Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfined, and free,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea.
For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower,
That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
Thou gleam'st against the western ray
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

III

Not she, the Championess of old,
In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,
She for the charmed spear renown'd,
Which forced each knight to kiss the ground,—
Not she more changed, when, placed at rest,
What time she was Malbecco's guest,
She gave to flow her maiden vest;
When from the corslet's grasp relieved,
Free to the sight her bosom heaved;
Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,
Erst hidden by the aventayle;
And down her shoulders graceful roll'd
Her locks profuse, of paly gold.
They who whilom, in midnight fight,
Had marvell'd at her matchless might,
No less her maiden charms approved,

But looking liked, and liking loved.
The sight could jealous pangs beguile,
And charm Malbecco's cares a while;
And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,
Forgot his Columbella's claims,
And passion, erst unknown, could gain
The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane;
Nor durst light Paridel advance,
Bold as he was, a looser glance.
She charm'd, at once, and tamed the heart,
Incomparable Britomarte!

IV

So thou, fair City! disarray'd
Of battle wall, and rampart's aid,
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
Than in that panoply of war.
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and security are flown;
Still, as of yore, Queen of the North!
Still canst thou send thy children forth.
Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call
Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,
Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless voluntary line;
For fosse and turret proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.
Thy thousands, train'd to martial toil,
Full red would stain their native soil,
Ere from thy mural crown there fell

The slightest knosp, or pinnacle.
And if it come,—as come it may,
Dun-Edin! that eventful day,—
Renown'd for hospitable deed,
That virtue much with Heaven may plead,
In patriarchal times whose care
Descending angels deign'd to share;
That claim may wrestle blessings down
On those who fight for The Good Town,
Destined in every age to be
Refuge of injured royalty;
Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry meek she gave repose,
Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,
Great Bourbon's relics, sad she saw.

V

Truce to these thoughts!—for, as they rise,
How gladly I avert mine eyes,
Bodings, or true or false, to change
For Fiction's fair romantic range,
Or for Tradition's dubious light,
That hovers 'twixt the day and night:
Dazzling alternately and dim,
Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,
Knights, squires, and lovely dames, to see,
Creation of my fantasy,
Than gaze abroad on reeky fen,
And make of mists invading men.—
Who loves not more the night of June

Than dull December's gloomy noon?
The moonlight than the fog of frost?
And can we say, which cheats the most?

VI

But who shall teach my harp to gain
A sound of the romantic strain
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
Could win the royal Henry's ear,
Famed Beauclerc call'd, for that he loved
The minstrel and his lay approved?
Who shall these lingering notes redeem,
Decaying on Oblivion's stream;
Such notes as from the Breton tongue
Marie translated, Blondel sung?—
O! born, Time's ravage to repair
And make the dying Muse thy care;
Who, when his scythe her hoary foe
Was poising for the final blow,
The weapon from his hand could wring,
And break his glass, and shear his wing,
And bid, reviving in his strain,
The gentle poet live again;
Thou, who canst give to lightest lay
An unpedantic moral gay,
Nor less the dullest theme bid flit
On wings of unexpected wit;
In letters as in life approved,
Example honour'd, and beloved,—
Dear Ellis! to the bard impart

A lesson of thy magic art,
To win at once the head and heart,—
At once to charm, instruct and mend,
My guide, my pattern, and my friend!

VII

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O!
No more by thy example teach,
—What few can practice, all can preach,—
With even patience to endure
Lingering disease and painful cure,
And boast affliction's pangs subdued
By mild and manly fortitude.
Enough, the lesson has been given:
Forbid the repetition, Heaven!

VIII

Come listen, then! for thou hast known,
And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,
Who, like his Border sires of old,
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,
Till Windsor's oaks and Ascot plain
With wonder heard the northern strain.
Come listen! bold in thy applause,
The bard shall scorn pedantic laws;
And, as the ancient art could stain
Achievements on the storied pane,
Irregularly traced and plann'd,
But yet so glowing and so grand,—

So shall he strive, in changeful hue,
Field, feast, and combat to renew,
And loves, and arms, and harper's glee,
And all the pomp of chivalry.

CANTO FIFTH

The Court

I

The train has left the hills of Braid;
The barrier guard have open made
(So Lindesay bade) the palisade
That closed the tented ground:
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes as they rode through
Into its ample bound.
Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,
Upon the Southern band to stare.
And envy with their wonder rose,
To see such well-appointed foes;
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge, that many simply thought,
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought;
And little deem'd their force to feel
Through links of mail and plates of steel,
When rattling upon Flodden vale,
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

II

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view
Glance every line and squadron through;
And much he marvell'd one small land

Could marshal forth such various band:
For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
Like iron towers for strength and weight,
On Flemish steeds of bone and height,
With battle-axe and spear.
Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
Practised their chargers on the plain,
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,
Each warlike feat to show,
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,
And high curvett, that not in vain
The sword sway might descend amain
On foeman's casque below.
He saw the hardy burghers there
March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,
For vizor they wore none,
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight;
But burnished were their corslets bright,
Their brigantines and gorgets light
Like very silver-shone.
Long pikes they had for standing fight,
Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded mace of weight,
And bucklers bright they bore.

III

On foot the yeoman too, but dress'd
In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,
With iron quilted well;

Each at his back (a slender store)
His forty days' provision bore,
As feudal statutes tell.
His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,
A crossbow there, a hagbut here,
A dagger-knife, and brand.
Sober he seem'd and sad of cheer,
As loth to leave his cottage dear
And march to foreign strand;
Or musing who would guide his steer
To till the fallow land.
Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
Did aught of dastard terror lie;
More dreadful far his ire
Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,
In eager mood to battle came,
Their valour like straw on flame,
A fierce but fading fire.

IV

Not so the Borderer:—bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,
And joy'd to hear it swell.
His peaceful day was slothful ease;
Nor harp nor pipe his ear could please
Like the loud slogan yell.
On active steed, with lance and blade,
The light-arm'd pricker plied his trade,—
Let nobles fight for fame;
Let vassals follow where they lead,

Burghers to guard their townships bleed,
But war's the Borderer's game.
Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night,
O'er mountain, moss, and moor;
Joyful to fight they took their way,
Scarce caring who might win the day,
Their booty was secure.
These, as Lord Marmion's train pass'd by,
Look'd on at first with careless eye,
Nor marvell'd aught, well taught to know
The form and force of English bow.
But when they saw the Lord array'd
In splendid arms and rich brocade,
Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—
"Hist, Ringan! seest thou there!
Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride?—
O! could we but on Border side,
By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,
Beset a prize so fair!
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
Might chance to lose his glistering hide;
Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,
Could make a kirtle rare."

V

Next, Marmion mark'd the Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face,
A various race of man;
Just then the Chiefs their tribes array'd,

And wild and garish semblance made
The chequer'd trews, and belted plaid,
And varying notes the war-pipes bray'd
To every varying clan;
Wild through their red or sable hair
Look'd out their eyes with savage stare
On Marmion as he pass'd;
Their legs above the knee were bare;
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,
And harden'd to the blast;
Of taller race, the chiefs they own
Were by the eagle's plumage known.
The hunted Red-deer's undress'd hide
Their hairy buskins well supplied;
The graceful bonnet deck'd their head:
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;
A broadsword of unwieldy length,
A dagger proved for edge and strength,
A studded targe they wore,
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but, O!
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
To that which England bore.
The Isles-men carried at their backs
The ancient Danish battle-axe.
They raised a wild and wondering cry,
As with his guide rode Marmion by.
Loud were their clamouring tongues as when
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,
And, with their cries discordant mix'd,
Grumbled and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

VI

Thus through the Scottish camp they pass'd,
And reach'd the City gate at last,
Where all around, a wakeful guard,
Arm'd burghers kept their watch and ward.
Well had they cause of jealous fear,
When lay encamp'd in field so near
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.
As through the bustling streets they go,
All was alive with martial show:
At every turn, with dinning clang,
The armourer's anvil clash'd and rang;
Or toil'd the swarthy smith, to wheel
The bar that arms the charger's heel;
Or axe, or falchion, to the side
Of jarring grindstone was applied.
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
Through street and lane and market-place,
Bore lance, or casque, or sword;
While burghers, with important face,
Described each new-come lord,
Discuss'd his lineage, told his name,
His following, and his warlike fame.
The Lion led to lodging meet,
Which high o'erlook'd the crowded street;
There must the Baron rest
Till past the hour of vesper tide,
And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
Such was the King's behest.

Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
A banquet rich and costly wines
To Marmion and his train;
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,
And following Lindesay as he leads,
The palace-halls they gain.

VII

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily
That night with wassell, mirth, and glee:
King James within her princely bower
Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power,
Summon'd to spend the parting hour;
For he had charged that his array
Should southward march by break of day.
Well loved that splendid monarch aye
The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long.
This feast outshone his banquets past;
It was his blithest—and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the Court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;
There ladies touch'd a softer string;
With long-ear'd cap and motley vest,
The licensed fool retail'd his jest;

His magic tricks the juggler plied;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While some, in close recess apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,
Nor courted them in vain;
For often in the parting hour
Victorious Love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain;
And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true—
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.

VIII

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doff'd to Marmion bending low,
His broider'd cap and plume.
For royal was his garb and mien,
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
Trimm'd with the fur of martin wild;
His vest of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown:

His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldric bright;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was button'd with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

IX

The Monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength, or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curl'd beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;—
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
I said he joy'd in banquet bower;
But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,

That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry:
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside;
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And, straining on the tighten'd rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

X

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway;
To Scotland's Court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the King to make accord,
Had sent his lovely dame.
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay King allegiance own;
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquois ring and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on Southron land,
And bid the banners of his band

In English breezes dance.
And thus, for France's Queen he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus, admitted English fair
His inmost counsels still to share;
And thus, for both, he madly plann'd
The ruin of himself and land!
And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,
Were worth one pearl drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eyes that fell,—
His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

XI

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
And weeps the weary day,
The war against her native soil,
Her Monarch's risk in battle broil:—
And in gay Holy-Rood, the while,
Dame Heron rises with a smile
Upon the harp to play.
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The strings her fingers flew;
And as she touch'd and tuned them all,
Ever her bosom's rise and fall
Was plainer given to view;
For, all for heat, was laid aside
Her wimple, and her hood untied.
And first she pitch'd her voice to sing,

Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
And then around the silent ring;
And laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft did say
Her pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play!
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively, air she rung,
While thus the wily lady sung:—

XII

Lochinvar

Lady Heron's Song

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,

The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:

There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

XIII

The monarch o'er the siren hung,
And beat the measure as she sung;
And, pressing closer, and more near,
He whisper'd praises in her ear.
In loud applause the courtiers vied;
And ladies wink'd, and spoke aside.
The witching dame to Marmion threw
A glance, where seem'd to reign
The pride that claims applauses due,
And of her royal conquest too,
A real or feign'd disdain:
Familiar was the look, and told,
Marmion and she were friends of old.
The King observed their meeting eyes,
With something like displeased surprise;
For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
Even in a word, or smile, or look.
Straight took he forth the parchment broad,
Which Marmion's high commission show'd:
"Our Borders sack'd by many a raid,
Our peaceful liege-men robb'd," he said;
"On day of truce our Warden slain,
Stout Barton kill'd, his vassals ta'en—

Unworthy were we here to reign,
Should these for vengeance cry in vain;
Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,
Our herald has to Henry borne."

XIV

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,
And with stern eye the pageant view'd:
I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,
Who coronet of Angus bore,
And, when his blood and heart were high,
Did the third James in camp defy,
And all his minions led to die
On Lauder's dreary flat:
Princes and favourites long grew tame,
And trembled at the homely name
Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat;
The same who left the dusky vale
Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,
Its dungeons, and its towers,
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
To fix his princely bowers.
Though now, in age, he had laid down
His armour for the peaceful gown,
And for a staff his brand,
Yet often would flash forth the fire,
That could, in youth, a monarch's ire
And minion's pride withstand;

And even that day, at council board,
Unapt to soothe his sovereign's mood,
Against the war had Angus stood,
And chafed his royal lord.

XV

His giant form, like ruin'd tower,
Though fall'n its muscles' brawny vaunt,
Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,
Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to lower:
His locks and beard in silver grew;
His eyebrows kept their sable hue.
Near Douglas when the Monarch stood,
His bitter speech he thus pursued:
"Lord Marmion, since these letters say,
That in the North you needs must stay,
While slightest hopes of peace remain,
Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,
To say—Return to Lindisfarne,
Until my herald come again.—
Then rest you in Tantallon Hold;
Your host shall be the Douglas bold,—
A chief unlike his sires of old.
He wears their motto on his blade,
Their blazon o'er his towers display'd;
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,
More than to face his country's foes.
And, I bethink me, by St. Stephen,
But e'en this morn to me was given
A prize, the first fruits of the war,

Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,
A bevy of the maids of Heaven.
Under your guard, these holy maids
Shall safe return to cloister shades,
And, while they at Tantallon stay,
Requiem for Cochran's soul may say."
And, with the slaughter'd favourite's name,
Across the Monarch's brow there came
A cloud of ire, remorse and shame.

XVI

In answer nought could Angus speak;
His proud heart swell'd well nigh to break:
He turn'd aside, and down his cheek
A burning tear there stole.
His hand the Monarch sudden took,
That sight his kind heart could not brook:
"Now, by the Bruce's soul,
Angus, my hasty speech forgive!
For sure as doth his spirit live,
As he said of the Douglas old,
I well may say of you,—
That never King did subject hold,
In speech more free, in war more bold,
More tender and more true:
Forgive me, Douglas, once again."—
And, while the King his hand did strain,
The old man's tears fell down like rain.
To seize the moment Marmion tried,
And whisper'd to the King aside:

"Oh! let such tears unwonted plead
For respite short from dubious deed!
A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A stripling for a woman's heart:
But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
Then, oh! what omen, dark and high,
When Douglas wets his manly eye!"

XVII

Displeased was James, that stranger view'd
And tamper'd with his changing mood.
"Laugh those that can, weep those that may,"
Thus did the fiery Monarch say,
"Southward I march by break of day;
And if within Tantallon strong,
The good Lord Marmion tarries long,
Perchance our meeting next may fall
At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."—
The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,
And answer'd, grave, the royal vaunt:
"Much honour'd were my humble home,
If in its halls King James should come;
But Nottingham has archers good,
And Yorkshiremen are stern of mood;
Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.
On Derby hills the paths are steep;
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep;

And many a banner will be torn,
And many a knight to earth be borne,
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent:
Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may!"—
The Monarch lightly turn'd away,
And to his nobles loud did call,—
"Lords, to the dance,—a hall! a hall!"
Himself his cloak and sword flung by,
And led Dame Heron gallantly;
And minstrels, at the royal order,
Rung out—"Blue Bonnets o'er the Border."

XVIII

Leave we these revels now, to tell
What to Saint Hilda's maids befell.
Whose galley, as they sail'd again
To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en.
Now at Dun-Edin did they bide,
Till James should of their fate decide;
And soon, by his command,
Were gently summon'd to prepare
To journey under Marmion's care,
As escort honour'd, safe, and fair,
Again to English land.
The Abbess told her chaplet o'er,
Nor knew which saint she should implore;
For, when she thought of Constance, sore
She fear'd Lord Marmion's mood.

And judge what Clara must have felt!
The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,
  Had drunk De Wilton's blood.
Unwittingly, King James had given,
  As guard to Whitby's shades,
The man most dreaded under Heaven
  By these defenceless maids:
Yet what petition could avail,
Or who would listen to the tale
Of woman, prisoner, and nun,
'Mid bustle of a war begun?
They deem'd it hopeless to avoid
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

XIX

Their lodging, so the King assign'd,
To Marmion's, as their guardian, join'd;
And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
  Who warn'd him by a scroll,
She had a secret to reveal,
That much concern'd the Church's weal,
  And health of sinner's soul,
And, with deep charge of secrecy,
  She nam'd a place to meet,
Within an open balcony,
That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,
  Above the stately street;
To which, as common to each home,
At night they might in secret come.

XX

At night, in secret, there they came,
The Palmer and the holy Dame.
The moon among the clouds rose high,
And all the city hum was by.
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors roar,
You might have heard a pebble fall,
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owlet flap his boding wing
On Giles's steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Were here wrapt deep in shade;
There on their brows the moonbeam broke,
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,
And on the casements play'd.
And other light was none to see,
Save torches gliding far,
Before some chieftain of degree,
Who left the royal revelry
To bowne him for the war.—
A solemn scene the Abbess chose;
A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.

XXI

"O, holy Palmer!" she began,—
"For sure he must be sainted man,
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground

Where the Redeemer's tomb is found,—
For His dear Church's sake, my tale
Attend, nor deem of light avail,
Though I must speak of worldly love,—
How vain to those who wed above!—
De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd
Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood;
(Idle it were of Whitby's dame,
To say of that same blood I came;)
And once, when jealous rage was high,
Lord Marmion said despiteously,
Wilton was traitor in his heart,
And had made league with Martin Swart,
When he came here on Simnel's part;
And only cowardice did restrain
His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,—
And down he threw his glove:—the thing
Was tried, as wont, before the King;
Where frankly did De Wilton own,
That Swart in Gueldres he had known;
And that between them then there went
Some scroll of courteous compliment.
For this he to his castle sent;
But when his messenger return'd,
Judge how De Wilton's fury burn'd!
For in his packet there were laid
Letters that claim'd disloyal aid,
And proved King Henry's cause betray'd.
His fame, thus blighted, in the field
He strove to clear by spear and shield;—

To clear his fame in vain he strove,
For wondrous are His ways above!
Perchance some form was unobserved;
Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved;
Else how could guiltless champion quail,
Or how the blessed ordeal fail?

XXII

"His squire, who now De Wilton saw
As recreant doom'd to suffer law,
Repentant, own'd in vain,
That, while he had the scrolls in care,
A stranger maiden, passing fair,
Had drench'd him with a beverage rare;
His words no faith could gain.
With Clare alone he credence won,
Who, rather than wed Marmion,
Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair,
To give our house her livings fair,
And die a vestal vot'ress there.
The impulse from the earth was given,
But bent her to the paths of heaven.
A purer heart, a lovelier maid,
Ne'er shelter'd her in Whitby's shade,
No, not since Saxon Edelfled;
Only one trace of earthly strain,
That for her lover's loss
She cherishes a sorrow vain,
And murmurs at the cross.—
And then her heritage;—it goes

Along the banks of Tame;
Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,
In meadows rich the heifer lows,
The falconer and huntsman knows
Its woodlands for the game.
Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,
And I, her humble vot'ress here,
Should do a deadly sin,
Her temple spoil'd before mine eyes,
If this false Marmion such a prize
By my consent should win;
Yet hath our boisterous Monarch sworn
That Clare shall from our house be torn;
And grievous cause have I to fear,
Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII

"Now, prisoner, helpless, and betray'd
To evil power, I claim thine aid,
By every step that thou hast trod
To holy shrine and grotto dim,
By every martyr's tortured limb,
By angel, saint, and seraphim,
And by the Church of God!
For mark:—When Wilton was betray'd,
And with his squire forged letters laid,
She was, alas! that sinful maid
By whom the deed was done,—
O! shame and horror to be said!
She was a perjured nun!

No clerk in all the land, like her,
Traced quaint and varying character.
Perchance you may a marvel deem,
That Marmion's paramour
(For such vile thing she was) should scheme
Her lover's nuptial hour;
But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,
As privy to his honour's stain,
Illimitable power:
For this she secretly retain'd
Each proof that might the plot reveal,
Instructions with his hand and seal;
And thus Saint Hilda deigned,
Through sinner's perfidy impure,
Her house's glory to secure,
And Clare's immortal weal.

XXIV

"'Twere long, and needless, here to tell,
How to my hand these papers fell;
With me they must not stay.
Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true!
Who knows what outrage he might do,
While journeying by the way?—
O blessed Saint, if e'er again
I venturous leave thy calm domain,
To travel or by land or main,
Deep penance may I pay!—
Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer:
I give this packet to thy care,

For thee to stop they will not dare;
And O! with cautious speed,
To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,
That he may show them to the King:
And, for thy well-earn'd meed,
Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine
A weekly mass shall still be thine,
While priests can sing and read.—
What ail'st thou?—Speak!'' For as he took
The charge, a strong emotion shook
His frame; and, ere reply,
They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone,
Like distant clarion feebly blown,
That on the breeze did die;
And loud the Abbess shriek'd in fear,
"Saint Withold, save us! What is here?
Look at yon City Cross!
See on its battled tower appear
Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear
And blazon'd banners toss!''—

XXV

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
Rose on a turret octagon;
(But now is razed that monument,
Whence royal edict rang,
And voice of Scotland's law was sent
In glorious trumpet-clang.
O! be his tomb as lead to lead,
Upon its dull destroyer's head!

A minstrel's malison is said.)—
Then on its battlements they saw
A vision, passing Nature's law,
Strange, wild, and dimly seen;
Figures that seem'd to rise and die,
Gibber and sign, advance and fly,
While nought confirm'd could ear or eye
Discern of sound or mien.
Yet darkly did it seem, as there
Heralds and pursuivants prepare,
With trumpet sound, and blazon fair
A summons to proclaim;
But indistinct the pageant proud,
As fancy forms of midnight cloud,
When flings the moon upon her shroud
A wavering tinge of flame;
It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
From midmost of the spectre crowd,
This awful summons came:—

XXVI

"Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,
Whose names I now shall call,
Scottish, or foreigner, give ear!
Subjects of him who sent me here,
At his tribunal to appear,
I summon one and all:
I cite you by each deadly sin,
That e'er hath soil'd your hearts within,
I cite you by each brutal lust,

That e'er defil'd your earthly dust,—
  By wrath, by pride, by fear,
By each o'er-mastering passion's tone,
By the dark grave, and dying groan!
When forty days are pass'd and gone,
I cite you, at your Monarch's throne,
  To answer and appear."—
Then thunder'd forth a roll of names:—
The first was thine, unhappy James!
  Then all thy nobles came;
Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,
Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,—
Why should I tell their separate style?
  Each chief of birth and fame,
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
Fore-doom'd to Flodden's carnage pile,
  Was cited there by name;
And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye;
De Wilton, erst of Aberley,
The self-same thundering voice did say.—
  But then another spoke:
"Thy fatal summons I deny
And thine infernal Lord defy,
Appealing me to Him on High
  Who burst the sinner's yoke."
At that dread accent, with a scream,
Parted the pageant like a dream,
  The summoner was gone.
Prone on her face the Abbess fell,

And fast, and fast, her beads did tell;
Her nuns came, startled by the yell,
And found her there alone.
She mark'd not, at the scene aghast,
What time, or how, the Palmer pass'd.

XXVII

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth move,
Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,
Save when, for weal of those they love,
To pray the prayer and vow the vow,
The tottering child, the anxious fair,
The grey-hair'd sire, with pious care,
To chapels and to shrines repair—
Where is the Palmer now? and where
The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare?—
Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair
They journey in thy charge:
Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,
The Palmer still was with the band;
Angus, like Lindesay, did command,
That none should roam at large.
But in that Palmer's altered mien
A wondrous change might now be seen,
Freely he spoke of war,
Of marvels wrought by single hand
When lifted for a native land;
And still look'd high, as if he plann'd
Some desperate deed afar.
His courser would he feed and stroke,

And, tucking up his sable frocke,
Would first his mettle bold provoke,
Then soothe or quell his pride.
Old Hubert said that never one
He saw, except Lord Marmion,
A steed so fairly ride.

XXVIII

Some half-hour's march behind, there came,
By Eustace govern'd fair,
A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,
With all her nuns and Clare.
No audience had Lord Marmion sought;
Ever he fear'd to aggravate
Clara de Clare's suspicious hate;
And safer 'twas, he thought,
To wait till, from the nuns removed,
The influence of kinsmen loved,
And suit by Henry's self approved,
Her slow consent had wrought.
His was no flickering flame, that dies
Unless when fann'd by looks and sighs,
And lighted oft at lady's eyes;
He long'd to stretch his wide command
O'er luckless Clara's ample land:
Besides, when Wilton with him vied,
Although the pang of humbled pride
The place of jealousy supplied,
Yet conquest by that meanness won
He almost loath'd to think upon,

Led him, at times, to hate the cause,
Which made him burst through honour's laws.
If e'er he loved, 'twas her alone,
Who died within that vault of stone.

XXIX

And now, when close at hand they saw
North Berwick's town and lofty Law,
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause awhile,
Before a venerable pile,
Whose turrets view'd, afar,
The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,
The ocean's peace or war.
At tolling of a bell, forth came
The convent's venerable Dame,
And pray'd Saint Hilda's Abbess rest
With her, a loved and honour'd guest,
Till Douglas should a bark prepare
To waft her back to Whitby fair.
Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,
And thank'd the Scottish Prioress;
And tedious were to tell, I ween,
The courteous speech that pass'd between.
O'erjoy'd the nuns their palfreys leave;
But when fair Clara did intend,
Like them, from horseback to descend,
Fitz-Eustace said,—"I grieve,
Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,
Such gentle company to part;—
Think not discourtesy,

But lords' commands must be obey'd;
And Marmion and the Douglas said
That you must wend with me.
Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd,
Commanding that, beneath his care,
Without delay you shall repair
To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare."

XXX

The startled abbess loud exclaim'd;
But she, at whom the blow was aim'd,
Grew pale as death and cold as lead,—
She deem'd she heard her death-doom read.
"Cheer thee, my child!" the Abbess said,
"They dare not tear thee from my hand,
To ride alone with armed band."—
"Nay, holy mother, nay,"
Fitz-Eustace said, "the lovely Clare
Will be in Lady Angus' care,
In Scotland while we stay;
And, when we move, an easy ride
Will bring us to the English side,
Female attendance to provide
Befitting Gloster's heir:
Nor thinks, nor dreams, my noble lord,
By slightest look, or act, or word,
To harass Lady Clare.
Her faithful guardian he will be,
Nor sue for slightest courtesy

That e'en to stranger falls,
Till he shall place her, safe and free,
Within her kinsman's halls."
He spoke, and blush'd with earnest grace;
His faith was painted on his face,
And Clare's worst fear relieved.
The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,
Entreated, threaten'd, grieved;
To martyr, saint, and prophet pray'd,
Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd,
And call'd the Prioress to aid,
To curse with candle, bell, and book.
Her head the grave Cistertian shook:
"The Douglas and the King," she said,
"In their commands will be obey'd;
Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall
The maiden in Tantallon Hall."

XXXI

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,
Assumed her wonted state again,—
For much of state she had,—
Composed her veil, and raised her head,
And—"Bid," in solemn voice she said,
"Thy master, bold and bad,
The records of his house turn o'er,
And, when he shall there written see,
That one of his own ancestry
Drove the Monks forth of Coventry,

Bid him his fate explore!
  Prancing in pride of earthly trust,
  His charger hurl'd him to the dust,
  And, by a base plebeian thrust,
He died his band before.
  God judge 'twixt Marmion and me;
  He is a Chief of high degree,
And I a poor recluse:
  Yet oft, in holy writ, we see
  Even such weak minister as me
May the oppressor bruise:
  For thus, inspired, did Judith slay
    The mighty in his sin,
And Jael thus, and Deborah"—
  Here hasty Blount broke in:
"Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band;
St. Anton' fire thee! wilt thou stand
All day, with bonnet in thy hand,
  To hear the lady preach?
By this good light! if thus we stay,
Lord Marmion, for our fond delay,
  Will sharper sermon teach.
Come, don thy cap, and mount thy horse;
The Dame must patience take perforce."—

XXXII

"Submit we then to force," said Clare,
"But let this barbarous lord despair
  His purposed aim to win;

Let him take living, land, and life;
But to be Marmion's wedded wife
In me were deadly sin:
And if it be the King's decree,
That I must find no sanctuary,
In that inviolable dome,
Where even a homicide might come,
And safely rest his head,
Though at its open portals stood,
Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,
The kinsmen of the dead;
Yet one asylum is my own
Against the dreaded hour;
A low, a silent, and a lone,
Where kings have little power.
One victim is before me there.—
Mother, your blessing, and in prayer
Remember your unhappy Clare!"
Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows
Kind blessings many a one:
Weeping and wailing loud arose,
Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes
Of every simple nun.
His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,
And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide.
Then took the squire her rein,
And gently led away her steed,
And, by each courteous word and deed,
To cheer her strove in vain.

XXXIII

But scant three miles the band had rode,
When o'er a height they pass'd,
And, sudden, close before them show'd
His towers, Tantallon vast;
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war,
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battled walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse.
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, an entrance long,
To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square:
Around were lodgings, fit and fair,
And towers of various form,
Which on the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular.
Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the Warder could descry
The gathering ocean storm.

XXXIV

Here did they rest.—The princely care
Of Douglas, why should I declare,
Or say they met reception fair?
Or why the tidings say,

Which, varying, to Tantallon came,
By hurrying posts, or fleeter fame,
With every varying day?
And, first, they heard King James had won
Etall, and Wark, and Ford; and then,
That Norham Castle strong was ta'en.
At that sore marvell'd Marmion;—
And Douglas hoped his monarch's hand
Would soon subdue Northumberland:
But whisper'd news there came,
That, while his host inactive lay,
And melted by degrees away,
King James was dallying off the day
With Heron's wily dame.—
Such acts to chronicles I yield;
Go seek them there and see:
Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,
And not a history.—
At length they heard the Scottish host
On that high ridge had made their post,
Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain,
And that brave Surrey many a band
Had gather'd in the southern land,
And march'd into Northumberland,
And camp at Wooler ta'en.
Marmion, like charger in the stall,
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,
Began to chafe, and swear:—
"A sorry thing to hide my head
In castle, like a fearful maid,

When such a field is near!
Needs must I see this battle-day:
Death to my fame if such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away!
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,
Hath 'bated of his courtesy:
No longer in his halls I'll stay."
Then bade his band they should array
For march against the dawning day.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH

TO RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

Mertoun-House, Christmas

I

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone,
Or listen'd all, in grim delight,
While Scalds yell'd out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildly-loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,

As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

II

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung:
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

III

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassel round, in good brown bowls,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;

But, O! what maskers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

IV

Still linger, in our northern clime,
Some remnants of the good old time;
And still, within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear,
Even when, perchance, its far-fetch'd claim
To Southron ear sounds empty name,
For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.
And thus, my Christmas still I hold
Where my great-grandsire came of old,
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air—
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine:
Small thought was his, in after time
E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme.
The simple sire could only boast,
That he was loyal to his cost;

The banish'd race of kings revered,
And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

V

In these dear halls, where welcome kind
Is with fair liberty combined;
Where cordial friendship gives the hand,
And flies constraint the magic wand
Of the fair dame that rules the land,
Little we heed the tempest drear,
While music, mirth, and social cheer,
Speed on their wings the passing year.
And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now,
When not a leaf is on the bough.
Tweed loves them well, and turns again,
As loath to leave the sweet domain,
And holds his mirror to her face,
And clips her with a close embrace:—
Gladly as he, we seek the dome,
And as reluctant turn us home.

VI

How just that, at this time of glee,
My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee!
For many a merry hour we've known,
And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.
Cease, then, my friend! a moment cease,
And leave these classic tomes in peace!
Of Roman and of Grecian lore,
Sure mortal brain can hold no more.

These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,
"Were pretty fellows in their day;"
But time and tide o'er all prevail—
On Christmas eve a Christmas tale—
Of wonder and of war—"Profane!
What! leave the lofty Latian strain,
Her stately prose, her verse's charms,
To hear the clash of rusty arms:
In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,
To jostle conjurer and ghost,
Goblin and witch!"—Nay, Heber dear,
Before you touch my charter, hear;
Though Leyden aids, alas! no more,
My cause with many-languaged lore,
This may I say:—in realms of death
Ulysses meets Alcides' *wraith;*
Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,
The ghost of murder'd Polydore;
For omens, we in Livy cross,
At every turn, *locutus Bos.*
As grave and duly speaks that ox
As if he told the price of stocks;
Or held, in Rome republican,
The place of Common-councilman.

VII

All nations have their omens drear,
Their legends wild of woe and fear.
To Cambria look—the peasant see,
Bethink him of Glendowerdy,

And shun "the spirit's Blasted Tree."
The Highlander, whose red claymore
The battle turn'd on Maida's shore,
Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,
If ask'd to tell a fairy tale:
He fears the vengeful Elfin King,
Who leaves that day his grassy ring:
Invisible to human ken,
He walks among the sons of men.

VIII

Didst e'er, dear Heber, pass along
Beneath the towers of Franchémont,
Which, like an eagle's nest in air,
Hang o'er the stream and hamlet fair?
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
A mighty treasure buried lay,
Amass'd through rapine and through wrong
By the last Lord of Franchémont.
The iron chest is bolted hard,
A huntsman sits, its constant guard;
Around his neck his horn is hung,
His hanger in his belt is slung;
Before his feet his blood-hounds lie:
An 'twere not for his gloomy eye,
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
As true a huntsman doth he look,
As bugle e'er in brake did sound,
Or ever holloo'd to a hound.
To chase the fiend, and win the prize,

In that same dungeon ever tries
An aged Necromantic Priest;
It is an hundred years at least,
Since 'twixt them first the strife begun,
And neither yet has lost nor won.
And oft the Conjurer's words will make
The stubborn Demon groan and quake;
And oft the bands of iron break,
Or bursts one lock, that still amain,
Fast as 'tis open'd, shuts again.
That magic strife within the tomb
May last until the day of doom,
Unless the Adept shall learn to tell
The very word that clench'd the spell,
When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure cell.
An hundred years are pass'd and gone,
And scarce three letters has he won.

IX

Such general superstition may
Excuse for old Pitscottie say;
Whose gossip history has given
My song the messenger from Heaven,
That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scotland's King,
Nor less the infernal summoning;
May pass the Monk of Durham's tale,
Whose demon fought in Gothic mail;
May pardon plead for Fordun grave,
Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave.
But why such instances to you,

Who, in an instant, can renew
Your treasured hoards of various lore,
And furnish twenty thousand more?
Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest
Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,
While gripple owners still refuse
To others what they cannot use;
Give them the priest's whole century,
They shall not spell you letters three;
Their pleasure in the books the same
The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem.
Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art,
To every ear and eye impart;
Yet who, of all who thus employ them,
Can like the owner's self enjoy them?—
But, hark! I hear the distant drum!
The day of Flodden Field is come.—
Adieu, dear Heber! life and health,
And store of literary wealth!

CANTO SIXTH

The Battle

I

While great events were on the gale,
And each hour brought a varying tale,
And the demeanour, changed and cold,
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,
And, like the impatient steed of war,
He snuff'd the battle from afar;
And hopes were none, that back again
Herald should come from Terouenne,
Where England's King in leaguer lay,
Before decisive battle-day;
Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare
Did in the Dame's devotions share:
For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,
And, with short interval, did pass
From prayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high Baronial pride,—
A life both dull and dignified;—
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd
Upon her intervals of rest,
Dejected Clara well could bear
The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,

Though dearest to her wounded heart
The hours that she might spend apart.

II

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.
Many a rude tower and rampart there
Repell'd the insult of the air,
Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky,
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.
Above the rest, a turret square
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield;
The Bloody Heart was in the Field,
And in the chief three mullets stood,
The cognizance of Douglas blood.
The turret held a narrow stair,
Which, mounted, gave you access where
A parapet's embattled row
Did seaward round the castle go.
Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
Sometimes in platform broad extending,
Its varying circle did combine
Bulwark, and bartizan, and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign:
Above the booming ocean leant
The far-projecting battlement;
The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,
Upon the precipice below.

Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
Gate-works, and walls, were strongly mann'd;
No need upon the sea-girt side;
The steepy rock, and frantic tide,
Approach of human step denied;
And thus these lines, and ramparts rude,
Were left in deepest solitude.

III

And, for they were so lonely, Clare
Would to these battlements repair,
And muse upon her sorrows there,
And list the sea-birds cry;
Or slow, like noontide ghost, would glide
Along the dark-grey bulwarks' side,
And ever on the heaving tide
Look down with weary eye.
Oft did the cliff, and swelling main,
Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fane,—
A home she ne'er might see again;
For she had laid adown,
So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,
And frontlet of the cloister pale,
And Benedictine gown:
It were unseemly sight, he said,
A novice out of convent shade.—
Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,
Again adorn'd her brow of snow;
Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,
A deep and fretted broidery bound,

In golden foldings sought the ground;
Of holy ornament, alone
Remain'd a cross with ruby stone;
And often did she look
On that which in her hand she bore,
With velvet bound, and broider'd o'er,
Her breviary book.
In such a place, so lone, so grim,
At dawning pale, or twilight dim,
It fearful would have been
To meet a form so richly dress'd,
With book in hand, and cross on breast,
And such a woeful mien.
Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,
To practise on the gull and crow,
Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,
And did by Mary swear,
Some love-lorn Fay she might have been,
Or, in Romance, some spell-bound Queen;
For ne'er, in work-day world, was seen
A form so witching fair.

IV

Once walking thus, at evening tide,
It chanced a gliding sail she spied,
And, sighing, thought—"The Abbess, there,
Perchance, does to her home repair;
Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free,
Walks hand in hand with Charity;
Where oft Devotion's tranced glow

Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,
That the enraptured sisters see
High vision, and deep mystery;
The very form of Hilda fair,
Hovering upon the sunny air,
And smiling on her votaries' prayer.
O! wherefore, to my duller eye,
Did still the Saint her form deny!
Was it, that, sear'd by sinful scorn,
My heart could neither melt nor burn?
Or lie my warm affections low,
With him, that taught them first to glow?
Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew,
To pay thy kindness grateful due,
And well could brook the mild command
That ruled thy simple maiden band.
How different now! condemn'd to bide
My doom from this dark tyrant's pride.—
But Marmion has to learn, ere long,
That constant mind, and hate of wrong,
Descended to a feeble girl,
From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl:
Of such a stem, a sapling weak,
He ne'er shall bend, although he break.

V

"But see! what makes this armour here?"—
For in her path there lay
Targe, corslet, helm;—she view'd them near.—
"The breast-plate pierced!—Ay, much I fear,

Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,
That hath made fatal entrance here,
As these dark blood-gouts say.—
Thus Wilton!—Oh! not corslet's ward,
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
Could be thy manly bosom's guard,
On yon disastrous day!"—
She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—
WILTON himself before her stood!
It might have seem'd his passing ghost,
For every youthful grace was lost;
And joy unwonted, and surprise,
Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—
Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scene in words:
What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
Far less can my weak line declare
Each changing passion's shade;
Brightening to rapture from despair,
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
And joy, with her angelic air,
And hope, that paints the future fair,
Their varying hues display'd:
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,
Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,
Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,
And mighty Love retains the field.

Shortly I tell what then he said,
By many a tender word delay'd,
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
And question kind, and fond reply:—

VI

De Wilton's History

"Forget we that disastrous day,
When senseless in the lists I lay,
Thence dragg'd,—but how I cannot know,
For sense and recollection fled,—
I found me on a pallet low,
Within my ancient beadsman's shed.
Austin,—Remember'st thou, my Clare,
How thou didst blush, when the old man,
When first our infant love began,
Said we would make a matchless pair?—
Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled
From the degraded traitor's bed,—
He only held my burning head,
And tended me for many a day,
While wounds and fever held their sway.
But far more needful was his care,
When sense return'd to wake despair;
For I did tear the closing wound,
And dash me frantic on the ground,
If e'er I heard the name of Clare.
At length, to calmer reason brought,
Much by his kind attendance wrought,
With him I left my native strand,

And, in a Palmer's weeds array'd,
My hated name and form to shade,
I journey'd many a land;
No more a lord of rank and birth,
But mingled with the dregs of earth.
Oft Austin for my reason fear'd,
When I would sit, and deeply brood
On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,
Or wild mad schemes uprear'd.
My friend at length fell sick, and said,
God would remove him soon:
And, while upon his dying bed,
He begg'd of me a boon—
If e'er my deadliest enemy
Beneath my brand should conquer'd lie,
Even then my mercy should awake,
And spare his life for Austin's sake.

VII

"Still restless as a second Cain,
To Scotland next my route was ta'en,
Full well the paths I knew.
Fame of my fate made various sound,
That death in pilgrimage I found,
That I had perish'd of my wound,—
None cared which tale was true:
And living eye could never guess
De Wilton in his Palmer's dress;
For now that sable slough is shed,
And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head,

I scarcely know me in the glass.
A chance most wondrous did provide
That I should be that Baron's guide—
I will not name his name!—
Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But, when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame!
And ne'er the time shall I forget,
When, in a Scottish hostel set,
Dark looks we did exchange:
What were his thoughts I cannot tell;
But in my bosom muster'd Hell
Its plans of dark revenge.

VIII

"A word of vulgar augury,
That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
Brought on a village tale;
Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
And sent him armed forth by night.
I borrow'd steed and mail
And weapons, from his sleeping band;
And, passing from a postern door,
We met, and 'counter'd hand to hand,—
He fell on Gifford moor.
For the death-stroke my brand I drew
(O then my helmed head he knew,
The Palmer's cowl was gone,)
Then had three inches of my blade
The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—

My hand the thought of Austin staid;
I left him there alone.—
O good old man! even from the grave,
Thy spirit could thy master save:
If I had slain my foeman, ne'er
Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,
Given to my hand this packet dear,
Of power to clear my injured fame,
And vindicate De Wilton's name.—
Perchance you heard the Abbess tell
Of the strange pageantry of Hell
That broke our secret speech—
It rose from the infernal shade,
Or featly was some juggle play'd,
A tale of peace to teach.
Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,
When my name came among the rest.

IX

"Now here, within Tantallon Hold,
To Douglas late my tale I told,
To whom my house was known of old.
Won by my proofs, his falchion bright
This eve anew shall dub me knight.
These were the arms that once did turn
The tide of fight on Otterburne,
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,
When the Dead Douglas won the field.
These Angus gave—his armourer's care,
Ere morn, shall every breach repair;

For nought, he said, was in his hails,
But ancient armour on the walls,
And aged chargers in the stalls,
And women, priests, and grey-hair'd men;
The rest were all in Twisel glen.
And now I watch my armour here,
By law of arms, till midnight's near;
Then, once again a belted knight,
Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

X

"There soon again we meet, my Clare!
This Baron means to guide thee there:
Douglas reveres his King's command,
Else would he take thee from his band.
And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,
Will give De Wilton justice due.
Now meeter far for martial broil,
Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,
Once more"—"O Wilton! must we then
Risk new-found happiness again,
  Trust fate of arms once more?
And is there not an humble glen,
  Where we, content and poor,
Might build a cottage in the shade,
A shepherd thou, and I to aid
  Thy task on dale and moor?—
That reddening brow!—too well I know,
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,
  While falsehood stains thy name:

Go then to fight! Clare bids thee go!
Clare can a warrior's feelings know,
And weep a warrior's shame;
Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,
And send thee forth to fame!"

XI

That night, upon the rocks and bay,
The midnight moon-beam slumbering lay,
And pour'd its silver light, and pure,
Through loop-hole and through embrazure,
Upon Tantallon tower and hall;
But chief where arched windows wide
Illuminate the chapel's pride,
The sober glances fall.
Much was their need; though seam'd with scars,
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two grey priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze descry
The chapel's carving fair.
Amid that dim and smoky light,
Chequering the silver moon-shine bright,
A bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;

More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.
Beside him ancient Angus stood,
Doff'd his furr'd gown, and sable hood:
O'er his huge form and visage pale,
He wore a cap and shirt of mail;
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand
Which wont of yore, in battle fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.
He seem'd as, from the tombs around
Rising at judgment-day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim.

XII

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels;
And think what next he must have felt
At buckling of the falchion belt!
And judge how Clara changed her hue,
While fastening to her lover's side
A friend, which, though in danger tried,
He once had found untrue!
Then Douglas struck him with his blade:

"Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
I dub thee knight.
Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!
For King, for Church, for Lady fair,
See that thou fight."—
And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
Said—"Wilton! grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace, and trouble:
For He who honour best bestows,
May give thee double."—
De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must—
"Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
That Douglas is my brother!"—
"Nay, nay," old Angus said, "not so;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
Thy wrongs no longer smother.
I have two sons in yonder field,
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely—do thy worst;
And foul fall him that blenches first!"

XIII

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,

Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under tone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."—
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."—

XIV

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared

To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."—
Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending, razed his plume.

XV

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.-
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the King praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

XVI

The day in Marmion's journey wore;
Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,
They cross'd the heights of Stanrigmoor.
His troop more closely there he scann'd,
And missed the Palmer from the band.—
"Palmer or not," young Blount did say,
"He parted at the peep of day;
Good sooth, it was in strange array."—
"In what array?" said Marmion quick.
"My lord, I ill can spell the trick:
But all night long, with clink and bang,
Close to my couch did hammers clang;
At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,
And from a loop-hole while I peep,
Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep,
Wrapped in a gown of sables fair,
As fearful of the morning air;
Beneath, when that was blown aside,
A rusty shirt of mail I spied,
By Archibald won in bloody work,
Against the Saracen and Turk:
Last night it hung not in the hall;
I thought some marvel would befall.
And next I saw them saddled lead
Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed;
A matchless horse, though something old,
Prompt in his paces, cool and bold.
I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,

The Earl did much the Master pray
To use him on the battle-day;
But he preferr'd—" "Nay, Henry, cease!
Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—
Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray
What did Blount see at break of day?"—

XVII

"In brief, my lord, we both descried
(For then I stood by Henry's side)
The Palmer mount and outwards ride,
Upon the Earl's own favourite steed:
All sheathed he was in armour bright,
And much resembled that same knight
Subdued by you in Cotswold fight:
Lord Angus wished him speed."—
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
A sudden light on Marmion broke;—
"Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"
He mutter'd; " 'Twas nor fay nor ghost
I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould.—
O dotage blind and gross!
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
Had laid De Wilton in the dust.
My path no more to cross.—
How stand we now?—he told his tale
To Douglas; and with some avail;
'Twas therefore gloom'd his rugged brow.—
Will Surrey dare to entertain,

'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain?
Small risk of that, I trow.
Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun;
Must separate Constance from the Nun—
O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!
A Palmer too!—no wonder why
I felt rebuked beneath his eye:
I might have known there was but one,
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."

XVIII

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed
His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed,
Where Lennel's convent closed their march;
(There now is left but one frail arch;
Yet mourn thou not its cells;
Our time a fair exchange has made;
Hard by, in hospitable shade,
A reverend pilgrim dwells,
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,
That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.)
Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there
Give Marmion entertainment fair,
And lodging for his train and Clare.
Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
Encamp'd on Flodden edge:
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,

Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion look'd:—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
Amid the shifting lines:
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears
The eastern sunbeam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watch'd the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

XIX

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd
The Till by Twisel Bridge.
High sight it is and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,

And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-time bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

XX

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames?
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?—
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,

Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!—
The precious hour has pass'd in vain,
And England's host has gain'd the plain.
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden hill.

XXI

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap what hap,
My basnet to a prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—
Yet more! yet more!—how far array'd
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by!
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armour flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's standards fly."—
"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount, "thou'dst best,
And listen to our lord's behest."—
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,
"This instant be our band array'd;

The river must be quickly cross'd,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James,—as well I trust
That fight he will, and fight he must,
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

XXII

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;
Far less would listen to his prayer
To leave behind the helpless Clare.
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
And mutter'd as the flood they view,
"The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
He scarce will yield to please a daw:
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
So Clare shall bide with me."
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
He ventured desperately:
And not a moment will he bide,
Till squire, or groom, before him ride;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
Old Hubert led her rein,
Stoutly they braved the current's course,
And, though far downward driven per force,
The southern bank they gain;

Behind them straggling, came to shore,
As best they might, the train:
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,
A caution not in vain;
Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unharm'd, should sharply ring.
A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
And breathed his steed, his men array'd,
Then forward mov'd his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a Cross of Stone,
That, on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

XXIII

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray;
Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation pass'd
From the loud cannon mouth;
Not in the close successive rattle
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.—
The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid:
"Here, by this Cross," he gently said,
"You well may view the scene.
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!—
Thou wilt not?—well,—no less my care

Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten pick'd archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain.—
But if we conquer, cruel maid,
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again."
He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,
Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire; but spurr'd amain,
And, dashing through the battle plain,
His way to Surrey took.

XXIV

"——The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour!—
Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go;
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,

With thee their charge will blithely share;
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."—
"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
Nor farther greeting there he paid;
But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry
Up Flodden Mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

XXV

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill,
On which, (for far the day was spent,)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view;
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But see! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,

As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long look'd the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

XXVI

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white seamew.
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,

And plumed crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly, and with Home.

XXVII

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied,
'Twas vain:—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;

Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It waver'd 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:
"By heaven and all its saints! I swear
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Follow'd by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large —
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too:—yet staid,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,

Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

XXVIII

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scatter'd van of England wheels;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?"—
They fly, or, madden'd by despair,
Fight but to die,—"Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strain'd the broken brand;
His arms were smear'd with blood and sand.
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion! . . .
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,

Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see, the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion."—
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

XXIX

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down:—my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."

They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmur'd,—"Is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"

XXX

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn!—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,

Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,

Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Gray.
Who built this cross and well.

She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A Monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

XXXI

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose,—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"—
"Alas!" she said, "the while,—
O, think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She——died at Holy Isle."—
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,

In torrents, from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth," he said—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar-stone
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

XXXII

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear;
For that she ever sung,
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;—
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,

Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O, think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

XXXIII

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntly, and where Home?—
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,

And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—
"O, Lady," cried the Monk, "away!"
And placed her on her steed,
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Tillmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,

Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.

Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

XXXV

Day dawns upon the mountain's side:—
There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one:
The sad survivors all are gone.—
View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be;
Nor to yon Border Castle high,
Look northward with upbraiding eye;
Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The Royal Pilgrim to his land
May yet return again.
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain:
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,
Beseem'd the Monarch slain.
But, O! how changed since yon blithe night!—
Gladly I turn me from the sight,
Unto my tale again.

XXXVI

Short is my tale:—Fitz-Eustace's care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle,
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear,
(Now vainly for its sight you look;
'Twas levell'd, when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral storm'd and took;
But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad!
A guerdon meet the spoiler had!)
There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,
His hands to heaven upraised;
And all around, on scutcheon rich,
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
His arms and feats were blazed.
And yet, though all was carved so fair,
And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,
The last Lord Marmion lay not there.
From Ettrick woods, a peasant swain
Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain,—
One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay
In Scotland mourns as "wede away:"
Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,
And dragg'd him to its foot, and died,
Close by the noble Marmion's side.
The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain,

And thus their corpses were mista'en;
And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,
The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII

Less easy task it were, to show
Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low.
They dug his grave e'en where he lay,
But every mark is gone;
Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple Cross of Sybil Gray,
And broke her font of stone.
But yet out from the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still.
Oft halts the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field descry;
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plait their garlands fair;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave
That holds the bones of Marmion brave.—
When thou shalt find the little hill,
With thy heart commune, and be still.
If ever, in temptation strong,
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong;
If every devious step, thus trod,
Still lead thee farther from the road;

Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb;
But say, "He died a gallant knight,
With sword in hand, for England's right."

XXXVIII

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,
Who cannot image to himself,
That, all through Flodden's dismal night,
Wilton was foremost in the fight;
That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,
'Twas Wilton mounted him again;
'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hew'd,
Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:
Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,
He was the living soul of all;
That, after fight, his faith made plain,
He won his rank and lands again;
And charged his old paternal shield
With bearings won on Flodden field.
Nor sing I to that simple maid,
To whom it must in terms be said,
That King and kinsmen did agree
To bless fair Clara's constancy;
Who cannot, unless I relate,
Paint to her mind the bridal's state;
That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,
More, Sands, and Denny, pass'd the joke;
That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,
And Catherine's hand the stocking threw;

And afterwards, for many a day,
That it was held enough to say,
In blessing to a wedded pair,
"Love they like Wilton and like Clare!"

L'Envoy

TO THE READER

Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentles speed,
Who long have listed to my rede?
To Statesmen grave, if such may deign
To read the Minstrel's idle strain,
Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,
And patriotic heart—as PITT!
A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover too,
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage;
And pillow to the head of age.
To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task, and merry holiday!
To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

NOTES

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST

DEDICATION.—*William Stewart Rose, Esq.*, a conspicuous literary character, well known to the readers of Lockhart's *Life of Scott* and to lovers of Berni and Ariosto. His best known works are *Letters from the North of Italy* addressed to Henry Hallam the historian; *The Crusade of the St. Louis, King Edward the Martyr*; and *Partenopex de Blois*, a romance in four Cantos. The last mentioned is named by Scott in Stanza XVIII of Intro. I. Mr. Rose died 1843, aged 68.

V, 16. *Thy hallowed tomb!* William Pitt the younger became prime minister at the age of 24, overcoming an enormous Whig opposition, and guided England wisely in peace and in war through nearly half his short life. In 1801, the opposition of the stubborn and bigoted George III. to the Catholic Emancipation Act, long projected by Pitt, caused the premier's resignation and was the cause of his fall from power. He resumed the office in 1804, but his health was shattered by years of nervous strain and he died, two years later, at the age of 47, his heart broken by the failure of the famous coalition against France (1805) for which he had labored so hard and from which he had expected so much. Fox died the same year. These two great statesmen were buried side by side in Westminster Abbey.

VI, 4. *Gadite wave.* The Sea of Cadiz or Gades; the modern Bay of Trafalgar.

VII, 4. *On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar.* These places were the scenes of splendid naval victories won by Admiral Nelson in the Baltic and Mediterranean Seas. *Egypt*, the Battle of the Nile, was fought with the French, August, 1798; *Hafnia*, the battle of the Baltic (or Copen-

hagen) with the Danes, April, 1801; *Trafolgar*, off Cape Trafalgar, with the combined fleets of France and Spain, Oct. 21, 1805. At the Battle of Trafalgar, Admiral Nelson received his death wound. "He lived long enough to hear that the day was won and died contented."

VII, 18. What is the effect of the introduction of the hexameter verse?

VIII, 3. *Had roused.* Give the ordinary prose rendering. Note frequent instances of similar form of the verb.

8. *The tottering throne.* Of George III.

X, XI. Fox was a leader of the Whig party. Sir Walter Scott's sympathies were entirely with the Tory party. Study these stanzas in the light of Lord Jeffrey's criticism. He says, "The first epistolary effusion, containing a threnody on Nelson, Pitt and Fox, exhibits a remarkable failure. We are unwilling to quarrel with a poet on the score of politics; but the manner in which he has chosen to praise the last of these great men, is more likely, we conceive, to give offence to his admirers, than the most direct censure. The only deed for which he is praised is for having broken off the negotiation for peace; and for this act of firmness, it is added heaven rewarded him with a share in the honored grave of Pitt. It is then said that his errors should be forgotten, and that he *died* a Briton—a pretty plain insinuation that, in the Author's opinion, he did not live one; and just such an encomium as he himself pronounces over the grave of his villain hero, Marmion."

XV, 10. *The Champion of the Lake.* Sir Launcelot du Lake, a Knight of King Arthur's Round Table, who surpassed all others in "prowess and noble deeds." The adventures referred to are his introduction by means of enchantment into the Castle of Morgan le Fay; his encounter with the sorceress Hellawes and his prowess in securing the sword of Sir Gilbert in the Chapel Perilous; the dangers he underwent to secure favor with Queen Guinevere, wife of King Arthur; and his failure to find the holy Grail by reason of broken knightly vows. See Sidney

Lanier's *The Boys' King Arthur*, also Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

XVI, 3, 4. *They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream*, etc. The allusion is to Spenser's treatment of the Arthurian legend in the *Faerie Queen*, and to Milton's youthful ambition to write an epic upon the same subject.

5. *And Dryden, in immortal strain.* "Dryden's melancholy account of his projected Epic Poem, blasted by the selfish and sordid parsimony of his patrons, is contained in an *Essay on Satire*, addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to the *Translation of Juvenal*." SIR WALTER SCOTT. Also, see Leigh Hunt's *Essay on the Drama of the Restoration*. The "patron" supported the poet, who must obviously write just what it pleased his patron to pay for.

13. *Profaned the God-given strength*, etc. Students familiar with Dryden's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, will recognize a peculiar appropriateness in the rounding of this stanza with a stately hexameter.

XVIII, 5. *Of Ascapart and Bevis bold.* See Glossary.

CANTO FIRST

I, 10. *Seem'd forms of giant height.* How do you account for this illusion?

V-XI. The *British Critic* says: "The most picturesque of all poets, Homer, is frequently minute, to the utmost degree, in the description of the dresses and accoutrements of his personages. These particulars, often inconsiderable in themselves, have the effect of giving truth and identity to the picture, and assist the mind in realizing the scenes, in a degree which no general description could suggest; nor could we so completely enter the castle with Lord Marmion, were any circumstances of the description omitted."

VII, 3. *The gilded spurs to claim.* Gilt spurs were a mark of knighthood.

6. *And lightly bear the ring away.* A favorite amusement of chivalry was to carry away upon

the lance a ring which was suspended from a bar, the competitors riding at full speed.

8. *Dance in hall and carve at board.* Both dancing and carving were among a squire's duties.

XII, 4. *Room, lordlings,* etc. "The heralds, like the minstrels, were a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose feats they kept a record, and proclaimed them aloud as in the text, upon suitable occasion."—Sir Walter Scott.

XIII, 2. *Sir Hugh the Heron.* "Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan's name ought to have been William, for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford, whose siren charms are said to have cost our James IV. so dear."—Sir Walter Scott.

11-16. *How the fierce Thirwalls,* etc. The rest of this grewsome old ballad may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

XVI, 6. *He might not.* He was not able; could not.

XIX, 3-8. *For here be some,* etc. "The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Norham, and Berwick, were as may be easily supposed, very troublesome neighbours to Scotland."—Sir Walter Scott.

8. *And given them light to set their hoods.* This line contains a phrase by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning a house. "When the Maxwells in 1685, burned the castle of Lockwood, they said they did so to give the Lady Johnstone 'light to set her hood.' Nor was the phrase inapplicable; for . . . the Earl of Northumberland writes in a letter to the king and council, that he dressed himself at midnight at Warkworth, by the blaze of the neighboring villages burned by the Scottish marauders."—Sir Walter Scott.

XXI, 5. *The only man that safe can ride,* etc. "At Berwick, Norham, and other Border fortresses, pursuivants usually resided, whose inviolable character rendered them the only persons that could, with perfect assurance of safety, be sent on necessary embassies into Scotland."—Sir Walter Scott.

7. *And though a bishop built this fort.* Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, built the huge keep or donjon in 1164.

16. *Too well in case.* Too stout.

17. *The priest of Shoreswood,* etc. "This churchman seems to have been akin to Welsh, the vicar of St. Thomas of Exeter, a leader among the Cornish insurgents in 1549. 'This man,' says Hollinshed, 'had many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set and mightilie compact. He was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the long-bow, and also in the cross-bow. . . . He was a very good woodman, and a hardie. . . . He was a companion in any exercise of activitie, and of a courteous and gentle behaviour. He descended of a good honest parentage, being born at Peneverin, in Cornwall; and yet, in this rebellion, an arch-captain, and a principal doer.'"—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

36-39. *That if again he venture o'er,* etc. An example of Sir Walter Scott's proverbial carelessness in the use of pronouns.

The whole stanza furnishes a bold illustration of the ill repute into which excesses had sunk the priesthood in the sixteenth century.

XXII, 2. *That lord.* Marmion.

20. *Roast hissing crabs,* etc. "A designation of winter in *Love's Labour's Lost* is, 'When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl.' To 'turne a crab' is to roast a wild apple in the fire in order to throw it hissing into a bowl of nut-brown ale, into which had been put a toast with some spice and sugar."

XXV, 11. *They know to charm,* etc. What poetic license do you note in this line?

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND

DEDICATION.—*Rev. John Marriott.* This esteemed friend and literary associate of Sir Walter Scott was "governor to the young nobleman alluded to in Stanza II, George Henry, Lord Scott, Son to Charles, Earl of Dalkeith, afterward Duke of Buccleuch and Queensbury, who died early in 1808." Several of Mr. Marriott's

poems are found in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, Vol. IV. —"The Feast of Spurs;" "A Visit Paid to the Ruins of Melrose Abbey;" and "Archie Armstrong's Aith."

I, 2. *Where flourished once a forest fair.* "Ettrick Forest, now a range of mountainous sheep-walks, was anciently reserved for the pleasures of the royal chase. Since it was disparked, the wood has been, by degrees, almost totally destroyed, although, wherever protected from the sheep, copses soon arise without any planting." —SIR WALTER SCOTT.

9. *The changes of his parent dell.* The second epistle, like the first, is introduced by the thought of "chance and change."

II, 4. *Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow.* "The tale of the outlaw Murray, who held out Newark Castle and Ettrick Forest against the King, may be found in the *Border Minstrelsy*, Vol. I. In the Macfarlane MS., among other causes of James the Fifth's charter to the burgh of Selkirk, is mentioned, that the citizens assisted him to suppress this dangerous outlaw."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

31. *Janet.* Here a generic term for country-girl.

33. *No youthful Baron's left*, etc. See Dedication above.

34. *Forest-Sheriff.* The allusion is to Sir Walter Scott himself, who once held this office.

37. *And she is gone*, etc. Harriet, Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Duchess of Buccleuch. Bowhill (l. 22.) was the favorite residence of Lord and Lady Dalkeith.

III, 5. *Her long descended lord is gone.* The late Alexander Pringle, Esq., of Wyntbank — whose beautiful seat of the Yair stands on the Tweed, about two miles below Ashestiel, which was then the residence of the poet. "Long descended" means of far-traced lineage. What is the antecedent of the pronoun *her*?

7. *Those sportive boys*, etc. The sons of Mr. Pringle of Wyntbank.

14. *His ramparts*, etc. A mountainous ridge near Ashestiel, called Wallace's Trench.

IV, 14. *By lone St. Mary's silent lake.* See *Dryhope.*

Glossary. Also see Wordsworth's *Yarrow Unvisited.*

V, 4. *Our Lady's chapel,* etc. "The chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes was situated on the eastern side of the lake, to which it gives its name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Cranstouns; but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced; but the burial ground is still used as a cemetery."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VI, 5. *Like that same peaceful hermitage.* See Milton's *Il Penseroso.*

14, 15. *Then gaze,* etc. See *Dryhope,* Glossary.

21. *The Wizard's grave,* etc. "At one corner of the burial gound of the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called *Binram's Corse,* where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

28. *And mark the wild swans,* etc. "In the winter it (St. Mary's Lake) is still frequented by flights of wild swans."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

> "The swan on still St. Mary's lake
> Floats double, swan and shadow."
> —*Wordsworth.*

VIII, 7 to end. *Like that which frowns,* etc. See *Loch-skene,* Glossary.

IX, 2. *To many a border theme,* etc. See Note to Dedication above.

CANTO SECOND

I, 9. *High Whitby's cloister'd pile.* See *Whitby'* Glossary. The introduction of monks and nuns at Whitby in Henry the Eighth's time is an anachronism.

VII, 4-9. *That he, in fury uncontroll'd,* etc. The reference is to Una and the lion. See Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* Bk. I, Canto III.

12. *Had practised with their bowl and knife.* I. e., employed poison and dagger.

IX, 3-8. *For, with the ebb and flow,* etc. See *Lindisfarne,* Glossary.

X, 6-9. *By pointed aisle*, etc. Characteristics of Gothic architecture.

18. *Rebuilded in a later style.* Whitby monastery was "ruined by the Danes and rebuilded by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror."

XI, 10. *The monks and nuns.* The nunnery at St. Cuthbert's Island is a glaring fiction, and so admitted by the poet.

XIII, 1. *Then Whitby's nuns exulting told*, etc. In the lines which follow, the poet gives the story of the crime and punishment of three barons, as related, probably with exaggeration, in "A True Account," printed and circulated at Whitby: "In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II, the Lord of Unglebarnby, then called William de Bruce; the Lord of Smeaton, called Ralph de Percy; with a gentleman and freeholder called Allatson, did, on the 16th of October, 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood belonging to the Abbot of Whitby. These hunters roused a great boar, which, being sorely pursued and dead run, took in at the chapel of Eskdale-side, there laid him down, and presently died. The monk of Whitby, who was a hermit, shut the door of the chapel. The hunters, arriving upon the scene and finding their hounds thus baffled, in a very great fury because their hounds were put from the game, cruelly slew the hermit with their boar-staves. Before dying, the holy hermit forgave the barons their evil deed, but imposed upon the murderers the penance here described."

14-22. *And how, of thousand snakes*, etc. "These two miracles are much insisted upon by all ancient writers, who have occasion to mention either Whitby or St. Hilda. The relics of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were at the abbess's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists, *Ammonitae*.

"The other miracle is thus mentioned by Camden: 'It is also ascribed to the power of her (St. Hilda's) sanctity, that these wild

geese, which in the winter fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighboring fields hereabouts.' Mr. Charlton, in his *History of Whitby*, points out the true origin of the fable, from the number of sea-gulls, that, when flying from a storm, often light near Whitby; and from the woodcocks, and the birds of passage, who do the same upon their arrival on shore, after a long flight.'"—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XIV, 3. *His body's resting place*, etc. The "Coffin journeys" of St. Cuthbert, as related by the poet in this stanza, are described in detail by the saint's biographer, James Raine, M. A., whose work bears the imprint, Durham, 1828, and contains "much of antiquarian history, ceremonies, and superstitions." See *St. Cuthbert, Durham*, Glossary.

30. *Save of his holiest servants three.* "It is said that Northumbrian Catholics still keep secret the precise spot of the Saint's sepulchre, which is only intrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them, in his room, a person judged fit to be the depositary of so valuable a secret."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XV, 2. *Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir.* In the reign of Stephen, 1136, David I. of Scotland, with his son Henry, espousing the cause of Matilda as claimant for her cousin's throne, invaded Northumberland. "The English host marched against them under the holy banner of St. Cuthbert; to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

7. *Before his standard fled.* The battle of Northallerton was called the Battle of the Standard. "The sacred banners of St. Cuthbert of Durham, St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfrid of Ripon hung from a pole fixed in a four-wheeled car which stood in the center of the host."—*J. R. Green.*

9. *Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane.* "Cuthbert, we have seen, had no great reason to spare the Danes, when opportunity offered. Accordingly, I find, in Simeon of Durham, that a Saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marshes of Glastonbury, and promised him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies; a consolation, which as was reasonable, Alfred after the victory of Ashendown, rewarded, by a royal offering at the shrine of the saint."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

10. *And turn'd the Conqueror back again.* "As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians, in 1096, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the North; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the Saint's body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a panic terror that notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled without eating a morsel, (which the monkish historian seems to have thought no small part of the miracle and the penance), and never drew his bridle till he got to the River Tees."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XVI, 3, 4. *Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame*
The sea-born beads that bear his name.
"Cuthbert . . . has acquired the reputation of forging those *Entrochi* (fossil crinoid-stems) which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert's beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XVII, 13. *Vault of Penitence.* "In the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline they (penitential vaults) were sometimes used as a cemetery for the lay benefactors of the convent, whose unsanctified corpses were then seldom permitted to pollute the choir. They also

served as places of meeting for the chapter, when measures of uncommon severity were to be adopted. But their most frequent use, as implied by the name, was as places for performing penances, or undergoing punishment."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XIX, 16. *Tynemouth's haughty Prioress.* "That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. . . . But, as in the case of Whitby, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth, in the reign of Henry VIII. is an anachronism. The nunnery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St. Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment; for . . . he certainly hated the whole female sex; and, . . . after death, inflicted severe penances on such as presumed to approach within a certain distance of his shrine."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXV, 4. *Alive within the tomb.* "It is well known that the religious who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, *Vade in Pace* (go in peace) were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that in latter times, this punishment was often resorted to; but among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which from the shape of the niche and the position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXVI, 10. *And arm'd herself to bear.* "Mr. S. has judiciously combined the horrors of the punishment with a very beautiful picture of the offender so as to heighten the interest which the situation itself must necessarily excite; and the struggle of Constance to speak, before the fatal sentence, is finely painted."—*Monthly Review.*

XXVIII, 1. *The king approved his favourite's aim.*

King Henry VIII. of England; his favorite, Marmion.

14-16 *Say ye, who preach*, etc. "In the administration of justice (Norman period) *Trial by Battle* was introduced in addition to the (Trial by) Ordeal of the Saxons. This was a duel in which each of the contestants appealed to Heaven to give him the victory, it being believed that the right would vanquish. Noblemen fought on horseback in full armor, with sword, lance and battle-axe; common people fought on foot with clubs. In both cases the combat was in the presence of judges and might last from sunrise until the stars appeared. Priests and women had the privilege of being represented by champions, who fought for them. Trial by Battle was claimed and allowed by the court (though the combat did not come off) as late as 1817, reign of George III. This custom was finally abolished in 1819."—Montgomery's *Leading Facts of English History*.

See Shakspere's *Richard II*, I, 1-3; also Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Chap. XLIII.

XXXI, 7. *Behind, a darker hour ascends.* Scott makes effective use in Constance's prophecy, of the separation of the English church from Rome and the destruction of monasteries by the despotic King Henry VIII.

XXXIII, 12, 13. *And bade the passing knell to toll*, etc. See **III.** XIII. 11-14.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD

DEDICATION.— "William Erskine, Esq., advocate, Sheriff-deputy of the Orkneys, became a judge of the Court of Sessions by the title of Lord Kinnedder, and died in Edinburgh in August, 1822. He had been from early youth the most intimate of the poet's friends, and his chief confidant and adviser in all literary matters."

III, 4. *For Brunswick's venerable hearse.* "The Duke of Brunswick, a German general, born October 9, 1735, was a nephew of Frederick the Great, and the eldest son of Duke Karl. He fought for his uncle in the Seven Years' War, and succeeded to the dukedom in 1780. He took com-

mand of the Prussian army in 1806, and was defeated at Jena in October of that year. In this battle he was mortally wounded. Died, Nov. 10, 1806."—Johnson's *Cyclopædia*.

17. *And crush that dragon*, etc. Napoleon I.

22. *And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield.* Fought with "valor and skill" (I. 23) but did not protect himself from danger and death.

IV, 1. *The Red Cross hero.* The reference is to Sir Sidney Smith who was invested with the insignia of that order by the Duke of Wellington.

8. *The Invincible.* Napoleon I.

11. *When stubborn Russ.* The island of Malta had been taken from the Knights of St. John by Napoleon and afterwards blockaded by English ships. The Czar "on the ground of an alleged election as Grand Master of the Order," claimed the island and proceeded to enforce his claim by forming a coalition of the fleets of Russia, Sweden and Denmark, with France and Spain. The British victory at Copenhagen shattered the combination at a blow.

12. *The warp'd wave.* The curling or rolling wave.

16. *The conqueror's wreath*, etc. Sir Ralph Abercromby was slain in a stubborn battle with the French in Aboukir Bay, Egypt, 1801.

V, 7. *The bold Enchantress.* Joanna Baillie, a Scottish poet and intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott.

9. *From the pale willow snatched the treasure.* The poet's harp.

12. *With Montfort's hate and Basil's love.* The characters referred to are found in Joanna Baillie's dramas *Count Basil* and *De Montfort*.

14. *Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again.* "Avon's swans must have been Avon's geese. I think, if they had deemed any thing of the kind. Joanna Baillie's dramas are 'nice' and rather dull: now and then she can write a song with the ease and sweetness that suggest Shaksperean echoes. But Scott's judgment was obviously blinded by his just and warm regard for Joanna Baillie herself."—*R. H. Hutton.* The poet's words in VI. 1 may be applied to himself.

VI, 7. *Warps.* Influences.

18. *While taste and reason plead in vain.* The great gulf fixed between the poets of the critical school and those of the romantic, is seldom more distinctly shown than in these pregnant lines (VI) from the pen of the great romancist. Cf. Pope's *Essay on Man,* Epistle II, ll. 138-158.

VII-IX. These three stanzas contain a vivid description of Scott's early life.

VII, 27. *That shatter'd tower.* Smailholm Tower in Berwickshire is situated about two miles from Dryburgh Abbey.

32. *That strength.* Castle; stronghold.

VIII, 4. *Grey-hair'd sire.* Robert Scott of Sandyknowe, the grandfather of the poet.

9. *Whose doom,* etc. Decision; judgment.

9, 10. "Upon revising the poem, it seems proper to mention that the lines

> 'Whose doom discording neighbors sought
> Content with equity unbought:'

have been unconsciously borrowed from a passage in Dryden's beautiful epistle to John Dryden of Chesterton."—Sir Walter Scott, *Note to Second Edition.*

CANTO THIRD

I, 1. The narrative, broken off at the end of Canto I, is resumed.

IV, 16. *From India's fires to Zembla's frost.* Give this thought a literal expression.

IX, 11. *And deem'd it the lament of men,* etc.

Cf. "My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go."
—*Burns.*

14-18. *On Susquehanna's swampy ground,* etc. It is still less than a century since Scott penned this picture of "darkest" America! *Marmion* was written in 1806.

XIII, 12. *A death-peal rung.* "Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the

Scottish peasantry, is what is called the 'dead bell' explained by my friend James Hogg, to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease."—SIR WALTER SCOTT. Can we not explain this delusion physiologically?

XV, 17. *He gave secret way*, i. e., permission; sanction.

XVII, 7. *Fierce and unfeminine.* Doubtless refers to *looks.* See line 2.

XIX, 12. *Gave you* (time or opportunity) *that cavern to survey.*

13. *Of lofty roof and ample size.* "A stair of twenty-four steps led down to this apartment, which is a large and spacious hall, with an arched roof; and though it had stood for so many centuries, and been exposed to the external air for a period of fifty or sixty years, it is still as firm and entire as if it had only stood a few years. From the floor of this hall, another stair of thirty-six steps leads down to a pit which hath a communication with Hopes-water. A great part of the walls of this large and ancient castle are still standing. There is a tradition that the castle of Yester (or Gifford) was the last fortification, in this country, that surrendered to General Gray, sent into Scotland by Protector Somerset."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XX, 7. *There floated Haco's banner trim*, etc. "In 1263, Haco, King of Norway, came into the Firth of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 2nd of October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms. There are still existing near the place of the battle, many barrows, some of which, having been opened, were found, as usual, to contain bones and urns." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

15. *But, in his wizard habit strange.* "Magicians, as is well known, were very curious in the choice and form of their vestments. Their caps are oval, or like pyramids, with lappets on each side, and fur within. Their gowns are long, and furred with fox-skins, under which

they have a linen garment reaching to the knee. Their girdles are three inches broad, and have many cabalistical names, with crosses, trines, and circles inscribed on them. Their shoes should be of new russet leather, with a cross cut upon them. Their knives are dagger-fashion; and their swords have neither guard nor scabbard."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXII, 14. *As born upon that blessed night*, etc. "It is a popular article of faith, that those who are born on Christmas, or Good Friday, have the power of seeing spirits and even of commanding them. The Spaniards imputed the haggard and downcast looks of their Philip II. to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

23. *Tide what tide.* Let happen what may.

XXIII. 20. *England's King.* Edward I. of England, called "Longshanks." 1272-1307.

XXIV, 11-18. *Of Largs*, etc. See note to XX. 7.

23. *A royal city, tower and spire.* See note to Intro. **I.** VII. 4.

XXV, 1. *The joyful King turn'd home again.* The conclusion of the midnight encounter is left to the reader's imagination.

15. *And many a knight*, etc. "The northern champions of old were accustomed peculiarly to search for, and delight in, encounters with such military spectres."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

19. *Wallace wight.* Suggest a rhetorical reason for the poet's habitual combining of the adjective *wight* with the name of Wallace. See Intro. **II.** IV. 12; also Intro. **III.** VII. 46.

XXIX, 13. *An empty race.* Illusive, unreal; frivolous, fantastic.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

DEDICATION.—*James Skene, Esq.*, of Rubislaw, Aberdeenshire, was cornet of the Royal Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers and Sir Walter Scott was Quartermaster of the same corps.

I, 3. *That motley clown in Arden wood.* Touchstone, in *As You Like It.*

10. *First drew the voluntary brand.* See *Skene*, above.

II, 6. *Whose voice inspired*, etc. See Intro. I. 1.

IV, 6. *Marion.* A generic term used to designate a shepherd's sweetheart.

V, 20. *The cypress with the myrtle tie.* The cypress, emblem of grief; the myrtle, of love. See note following.

27. *Lamented Forbes.* See *Forbes*, Glossary. "His 'Life of Beattie' whom he befriended and patronized in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melancholy event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend to whom this introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VI, 27. *Under the blossom'd bough.*

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In the cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily,
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."
—*The Tempest* (Ariel's song) V, I.

VII, 9. *And he whose absence we deplore.* Colin Mackenzie of Portmore.

12. *And dear loved Rae.* "Sir William Rae, Bart., of St. Catharine's, subsequently Lord Advocate of Scotland, was a distinguished member of the volunteer corps to which Sir Walter Scott belonged: and he, the Poet, Mr. Skene, Mr. Mackenzie, and a few other friends, had formed themselves into a little semi-military club, the meetings of which were held at their family supper-tables in rotation."—*Lockhart.*

13. *And one whose name I may not say.* "The gentleman whose name the poet 'might not say,' will now, it is presumed, pardon its introduction. The late Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Bart., son of the author of the *Life of Beattie*, was another member of the volunteer corps and club."—*Lockhart.*

CANTO FOURTH

I, 31. *Been lantern-led by Friar Rush.* "'The History of Friar Rush' is of extreme rarity, and for some time even the existence of such a book was doubted, although it is expressly alluded to by Reginald Scott in his 'Discovery of Witchcraft.' I have perused a copy in the valuable library of my friend, Mr. Heber." —SIR WALTER SCOTT.
See *Friar Rush,* Glossary.

III, 9. *With English cross.* The cross, or the sign of the cross, being regarded as potent in warding off supernatural spells, this threat is doubly significant.

VI. 1. *First came the trumpets,* etc. Stanzas VI and VII are notable instances of Scott's attention to the details of description.

VII, 7. *The flash of that satiric rage,* etc. Sir David Lindesay, (1490-1555) was one of the chief poets of Scotland in the period of literary inactivity between Chaucer and Spenser. He was noted for his scathing denunciation of the abuses of the Roman Church.

VIII, 5-10. *Whom royal James himself had crown'd,* etc. "The office of heralds, in feudal times, being held of the utmost importance the inauguration of the Kings-at-arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionally solemn. In fact it was the mimicry of a royal coronation, except that the unction was made with wine instead of oil. In Scotland a namesake and kinsman of Sir David Lindesay, inaugurated in 1592, 'was crowned by King James with the ancient crown of Scotland, which was used before the Scottish kings assumed a close crown; and, on occasion of the same solemnity, dined at the king's table wearing the crown. It is possible that the coronation of his predecessor was not less solemn. So sacred was the herald's office, that, in 1515, Lord Drummond was by Parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck with his fist the Lion-King-at-arms, when he reproved him for his follies. Nor was he restored, but at the Lion's earnest solicitation."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XI, 4. *Have been the minstrel's loved resort.* To whom does Scott refer?

5-19. *Oft have I traced*, etc. "The eastern front of the court (of Crichtoun Castle) is raised above a portico, and decorated with entablatures, bearing anchors. All the stones of this front are cut into diamond facets, the angular projections of which have an uncommonly rich appearance. The inside of this part of the building appears to have contained a gallery of great length and uncommon elegance. Access was given to it by a magnificent stair-case, now quite destroyed. The soffits are ornamented with twining cordage and rosettes; and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

8. *Quarter'd in old armorial sort.* Divided into four parts according to the customary manner of arranging heraldic devices upon the scutcheon or shield.

XIII, 13. *He knew* (how) *to prize.*

XV, 2. *Built for the royal dwelling.* "In Scotland there are about twenty palaces, castles, and remains, or sites of such 'where Scottish Kings of other years' had their royal home."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

8. *The wild buck bells from ferny brake.* "I am glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer by another word than *braying*, although the latter has been sanctified by the use of the Scottish metrical translation of the Psalms. *Bell* seems to be an abbreviation of bellow."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

13. *The heaviest month.* The most sorrowful.

15. *June saw his father's overthrow.* "The rebellion against James III. was signalized by the cruel circumstance of his son's presence in the hostile army. When the king saw his own banner displayed against him, and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he had ever possessed, fled out of the field, fell from his horse as it started at a woman and water-pitcher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV., after the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing the

monks of the chapel-royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. The battle of Sauchieburn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th of June, 1488." —Sir Walter Scott.

19. *In offices as strict as Lent.* Self-denial, penance, fasting, prayer. *Offices* are the prescribed order or form for a service of the church or for devotional use.

XVI, 9. *In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt.* "The king's throne in St. Catharine's aisle, which he had constructed for himself, with twelve stalls for the knight's companions of the Order of the Thistle, is still shown as the place where the apparition was seen."—Sir Walter Scott.

34. *The loved Apostle John.* "I know not by what means St. Andrew got the credit of having been the celebrated monitor of James IV.; for the expression in Lindesay's narrative, 'My mother has sent me,' could only have been used by St. John, the adopted son of the Virgin Mary. The whole story is so well attested (i. e. by the personal information of Sir David Lindesay) that we have only a choice between a miracle and an imposture."—Sir Walter Scott.

XVII, 20. *The Marshal and myself.* "I heard say Sir David Lindesay, Lyon-herauld, and John Inglis the marshal, who were at that time, young men, and special servants to the King's grace, were standing presently beside the King, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speired further tidings at him. But all for nought they could not touch him; for he vanished away betwixt them, and was no more seen."—*Pitscottie's* narrative, quoted by Sir Walter Scott.

XVIII, 11. *Make your guest your game.* Would have thought your intention was to play with my credulity; deceive me for sport.

XXII, 16. *Dromouchty, or Glenmore.* "The forest of Glenmore in the North Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a spirit called *Lhamdearg*, in the array of an ancient warrior, having a

bloody hand, from which he takes his name." —SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXIII, XXIV. "A certain ruggedness and bareness was the essence of Scott's idealism and romance. It was so in relation to scenery. He told Washington Irving that he loved the very nakedness of the Border country. 'It has something' he said, 'bold and stern and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden-land, I begin to wish myself back again among my honest grey hills, and if I did not see the heather as least once a year, I *think I should die.*' "—*Richard H. Hutton.*

XXVIII, 6. *Scroll, pennon,* etc. "Each of these feudal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to display them." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

11, 12. *Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,* etc. "Upon that, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare-Stane, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the highway leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Bruntsfield Links. The Hare-Stane probably derives its name from the British word *Har* signifying an army."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

18. *The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.* The well-known arms of Scotland.

XXX, 18. *Mine own romantic town.* What is the source of the peculiar charm of this climax?

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH

DEDICATION.—*George Ellis, Esq.* "Scott had made even before the publication of his *Border Minstrelsy,* not a few friends in London or its neighborhood,—of whom the most important at this time was the grey-eyed, hatchet-faced, courteous George Ellis, as Leyden described him, the author of various works, on ancient English poetry and romance, who combined with a shrewd satirical vein, and a great knowledge of the world, political as well as literary, an exquisite taste in poetry, and a warm heart. Certainly Ellis's criticism on his poems was the truest and best that Scott ever received."—*Richard H. Hutton.*

I, 5, 6. *A cold and profitless regard*, etc. The reference is to the custom of patronage, by which some great person gave favor and support to some man of letters. Cf. note to Introduction I. XVI, 5.

II, 1, 2. *Not here need my desponding rhyme.* I have no reason for regret or lamentation.

3, 4. *As erst by Newark's riven towers*, etc. See Introduction to **II.** II. III.

5. *True—Caledonia's Queen is changed.* "The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down, in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

15-19. *But not so long*, etc. But it is not so long since a "studded gate" was closed at night and a small wicket-gate supplied the only entrance until dawn.

25. *Flinging thy white arms to the sea.* "Since writing this line I find I have inadvertently borrowed it almost verbatim, though with a somewhat different meaning, from 'Caractacus':—

> 'Britain heard the descant bold
> She flung her white arms o'er the sea,
> Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold
> The freight of harmony.'"
>
> —SIR WALTER SCOTT.

26. *For thy dark cloud.* Instead of, etc.

III, 1. *Not she, the Championess of old*, etc. Britomarte or Britomart, "a lady knight," representing chastity. Her deeds are recounted in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III.

6. *What time she was Malbecco's guest*, etc. The personal charms of Britomart, when fully revealed by the removal of her knightly armor are described by Scott in this stanza, which is a perfect reproduction in miniature of the scene in Malbecco's castle described in the *Faerie Queene*, Bk. III, Canto IX, XX-XXIV.

17. *But looking liked, and liking loved.* "Yet every one her liked and every one her loved." —*Spenser.*

IV. This stanza completes the simile suggested in Stanzas II-III.

12. *Thy dauntless voluntary line.* Voluntary defenders in arms.

13. *For fosse and turret.* Instead of, etc.

29, 30. *Conquering York. . . . Henry meek.* See Glossary.

32. *Great Bourbon's relics.* The Bourbon family was one of the most illustrious of the ruling houses of France and of other European powers. Henry IV. of Navarre, who succeeded to the throne of France in 1589, was the first king of that blood. "In January, 1796, the exiled Count d' Artois, afterwards Charles X. of France, took up his residence in Holyrood, where he remained until August, 1799. When again driven from his country by the Revolution of July, 1830, the same unfortunate prince, with all the immediate members of his family, sought refuge once more in the ancient palace of the Stuarts, and remained there till the 18th September, 1832." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VI, 4. *Could win the royal Henry's ear.* Henry I., of England (1100-1135).

11-29. *O! born, Time's ravage to repair*, etc. A fervent apostrophe to Mr. George Ellis, to whom the poet inscribes this Introduction.

VIII, 5. *Till Windsor's oaks*, etc. "At Sunning-hill, Mr. Ellis's seat, near Windsor, part of the first two cantos of *Marmion* were written."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

6. *The northern strain.* The song of Scotland's poet.

7. *Bold in thy applause.* Proceeding confidently, encouraged by thy approval.

8. *Pedantic laws.* Over-refined poetic rules, i. e., the rules of Pope and his school.

13. *So shall he strive.* See the fulfillment of this promise in many brilliant and vivid stanzas of Canto V and VI.

CANTO FIFTH

I, 1. *The train has left the hills of Braid.* The narrative interrupted at IV. XXIII is resumed.

6. *And carried pikes as they rode through.* The guard, as Marmion's train rode through, assumed the position required by the order *Present arms* in the Manual of Arms.

12. *Such length of shafts, such mighty bows.* See *cloth-yard arrows*, Glossary.

II, 4. *Such various band.* Note their enumeration which follows: They are men at arms, knights, and squires, burghers, yeomen, borderers, Highlanders, and Isles-men.

16. *The sword sway might descend amain*, etc. If the horsemen took advantage of the moment when the horse was in the height of the curvett, to strike his foeman with his sword, the descending blow would fall with greater force and weight.

19. *With faces bare.* "The Scottish burgesses . . . wore bright steel caps without crest or visor."—Sir Walter Scott.

26. *Two-handed swords.* Heavy swords which were wielded with both hands.

III, 1. *On foot the yeomen, too.* "Almost all the Scottish forces except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the Border prickers, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted upon foot."—Sir Walter Scott.

4. *Each at his back*, etc "When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provisions. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away, of course."—Sir Walter Scott.

7. *His arms were halbert, axe, or spear.* "Bows and quivers were in vain recommended to the peasantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes; spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them."—Sir Walter Scott.

IV, 33. *Brown Maudlin.* Some favorite woman, friend or relative, of the Borderer's acquaintance.

V, 5. *And wild and garish semblance made.* They made a grotesque appearance.

IX, 20. *The pressure of his iron belt.* "Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain ounces every year that he lived. Pitscottie founds his belief that James was not slain in the battle of Flodden, because the English never had this token of the iron belt to show to any Scottish man. The person and character of James are delineated according to our best historians. His romantic disposition, which led him highly to relish gayety, approaching to license, was at the same time, tinged with enthusiastic devotion. These propensities sometimes formed a strange contrast. He was wont, during his fits of devotion, to assume the dress, and conform to the rules, of the order of Franciscans; and when he had thus done penance for some time in Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure. Probably, too, with no unusual inconsistency, he sometimes laughed at the superstitious observances to which he at other times subjected himself."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

22. *In memory of his father slain.* See note to **IV.** XV. 15.

X, 2. *Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway.* See note to **I.** XIII. 2. "Our historians impute to the King's infatuated passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

5. *Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored.* "Heron of Ford had been, in 1511, in some sort accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the West Marches. Part of the pretence of Lady Ford's negotiations with James was the liberty of her husband" (who had been delivered up by Henry to James and imprisoned in the Fortress of Fastcastle). —SIR WALTER SCOTT.

11. *Sent him a turquois ring and glove.* "A turquois ring; probably this fatal gift, is, with James's sword and dagger preserved in the College of Heralds, London."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XIV, 11. *Bell-the-Cat.* "Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body

and mind, acquired the popular name of Bell-the-Cat, upon the following remarkable occasion: James the Third, of whom Pitscottie complains, that he delighted more in music and 'policies of building' than in hunting, hawking and other noble exercises, was so ill advised as to make favorites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathize with the King's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honors conferred on those persons, particularly on Cochran, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar, and seizing the opportunity, when, in 1482, the King had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Lauder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the King's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of this measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the apologue of the Mice, who had formed a resolution, that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell around the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. 'I understand the moral,' said Angus, 'and, that what we propose may not lack execution, *I will bell the cat*.' "

27. *And chafed his royal Lord.* "Angus was an old man when the war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement, and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting, that the King said to him, with scorn and indignation, 'If he was afraid he might go home.' The Earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult and retired accordingly, leaving his sons George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenbervie, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged Earl, broken-

hearted at the calamities of his house and his country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden." —SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XV, 18. *He wears their motto on his blade.* "A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwixt them, and the date, 1329."—SIR WALTER SCOTT. See *Bloody heart,* Glossary.

XVI, 1. *In answer nought could Angus speak.* See note XIV. 27.

XX, 18. *Save torches gliding far.* Before street-lighting came into vogue, the services of torch-bearers were not only a means of convenience, but often of safety as well.

XXI, 9-31. *De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd,* etc. Lord Jeffrey's criticism of this passage is as follows: "There are passages in which the tediousness and flatness of the narrative is relieved by no sort of beauty nor elegance of diction, and which form an extraordinary contrast with the more animated and finished portions of the poem. We shall not afflict our readers with more than one specimen of this falling off. We select it from the Abbess's explanation to De Wilton: '*De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd,*' etc., and twenty-two following lines."

37. *Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved.* "It was early necessary for those who felt themselves obliged to believe in the divine judgment being enunciated in the trial by duel, to find salvos for the strange and obviously precarious chances of the conflict."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXIV, 22. *A strong emotion shook,* etc. How do you account for De Wilton's emotion? How did the Abbess account for it?

XXV, 15. *While nought confirmed.* Nothing definite or distinct.

27. *This awful summons came.* "This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition

at Linlithgow (see **IV.** XVI, XVII), an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV."—Sir Walter Scott. Account for the poet's introduction of the incident here, from an artistic point of view.

XXVIII, 23. *The cause.* I.e. Clara de Clare.

XXIX, 4. *Before a venerable pile.* "The convent alluded to is a foundation of Cistertian nuns near North Berwick, of which there are still some remains. It was founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife, in 1216."—Sir Walter Scott.

XXX, 33. *To curse with candle, bell, and book.* A solemn form of excommunication used in the Roman Catholic Church, the bell being tolled, the book of offices for the purpose being used, and three candles being extinguished with certain ceremonies."—*Webster.*

XXXI, 10. *Drove the monks forth of Coventry.* "This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion (see *Marmion*, Glossary), in the reign of King Stephen, whom William of Newbury describes with some attributes of my fictitious hero. . . . This Baron, having expelled the monks from the church of Coventry, was not long in experiencing the Divine judgment, as the same monks, no doubt, termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion's horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop, against a body of the Earl's followers; the rider's thigh being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common foot-soldier, ere he could receive any succour."—Sir Walter Scott.

27. *St. Anton fire thee!* May St. Anthony's fire [i. e., the erysipelas] consume thee!

XXXII, 8. *That I must find no sanctuary,* etc. Anciently all churches were asylums to which criminals, or other persons distressed or persecuted, might flee for shelter. It was intended to preserve the refugees from summary or revengeful punishment. In the course of time, the Right of Sanctuary was so abused that the privilege was abolished.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

DEDICATION.—*Richard Heber, Esq.* "You may find an account of Heber in an old file of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. He began in his youth by making a library of the classics. Then he became interested in rare English books, and collected them *con amore* for thirty years. He was very rich, and he had never given hostages to fortune; it was therefore possible for him to indulge his fine passion without stint. He bought only the best books, and he bought them by thousands and tens of thousands. He would have held as foolishness that saying from the Greek which exhorts one to do nothing too much. According to Heber's theory, it is impossible to have too many good books. Usually one library is supposed to be enough for one man. Heber was satisfied only with eight libraries, and then he was hardly satisfied. He had a library in his house at Hodnet. 'His residence in Pimlico, where he died, was filled, like Magliabecchi's at Florence, with books from the top to the bottom; every chair, every table, every passage containing piles of erudition.' He had a house in York Street which was crowded with books. He had a library in Oxford, one at Paris, one at Antwerp, one at Brussels, and one at Ghent. The most accurate estimate of his collections places the number at 146,827 volumes. Heber is believed to have spent half a million dollars for books. After his death the collections were dispersed. The catalogue was published in twelve parts, and the sales lasted over three years." —*Leon H. Vincent.*

I, 14. *While round, in brutal jest*, etc. "The humour of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

20. *And dancing round the blazing pile.* "The dances of the northern warriors round the great fires of pine-trees are commemorated by Olaus Magnus, who says they danced with such fury, holding each other by the hands, that, if the grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity of a sling. The sufferer, on such occasions, was instantly plucked out, and obliged to quaff off a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for 'spoiling the King's fire' "—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

II, 8. *On Christmas eve the mass was sung.* "In Roman Catholic countries, mass is never said at night, except on Christmas eve."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

III, 6. *No mark to part the squire and lord.* In feudal times it was customary for the nobles to occupy a raised platform at one end of the hall while their followers ate at a lower table. See **I.** XIII. 5-8.

26. *Traces of ancient mystery.* "It seems certain that the *Mummers* of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighboring houses, bearing the then useless ploughshare; and the *Guisards* of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland, we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apostles, at least of Peter, Paul and Judas Iscariot; the first had the Keys, the second carried a sword, and the last a bag, in which the dole of our neighbours' plumcake was deposited. One played a champion and recited some traditional rhymes; another was

'Alexander, King of Macedon,
Who conquered all the world but Scotland alone.
When he came to Scotland his courage grew cold,
To see a little nation courageous and bold.'

These and many such verses, were repeated, but by rote, and unconnectedly. There was also occasionally, I believe, a Saint George. In all there was a confused resemblance to the ancient mysteries, in which the characters of Scripture, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages, were usually exhibited."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IV, 8. *Is warmer than the mountain stream.* "'Blood is warmer than water,'—a proverb meant to vindicate our family predilections." —SIR WALTER SCOTT.

10. *Where my great grandsire came of old.* Mer-

toun-house, where the epistle in the text is dated. The allusion is pertinent because the lines following are partly adapted from the rhymed invitation received by the poet's grandfather to pay a Christmas visit at this ancient seat of the Harden family. "The venerable old gentleman . . . contrived to lose what property he had, by engaging in the civil wars and intrigues of the house of Stuart. His veneration for the exiled family was so great, that he swore he would not shave his beard till they were restored."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

V, 4, 5. *And flies constraint*, etc. Give this expression the natural arrangement of the English sentence.

9. *And Mertoun's halls.* Mertoun-house, the seat of Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden, is beautifully situated on the Tweed, about two miles below Dryburgh Abbey.

VI, 18-20. *To jostle conjurer*, etc. In the remaining lines of VI. Scott makes a playful plea for his employment of the supernatural, citing as precedents, the use of the theme by the greatest of classic poets, Homer and Virgil, and by Livy, chief of Roman historians.

VII, 5. *And shun "the spirit's Blasted Tree."* See *Glendowerdy*, Glossary.

8. *Will, on a Friday morn.* "The *Daoine shi'*, or *Men of Peace*, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian *Duergar*, than the English Fairies. Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malevolent, at least peevish, discontented and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended at mortals who talk of them, who wear their favourite colour, green, or in any respect interfere with their affairs. This is especially to be avoided on Friday, when, whether as dedicated to Venus, with whom, in Germany, this subterraneous people are held nearly connected, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VIII. 8. *By the last Lord of Franchémont.* Near the pretty little village of Franchémont (near Spaw) are "the romantic ruins of the old castle of the Counts of that name. The road leads through many delightful vales on a rising ground, at the extremity of one of them stands the ancient castle, now the subject of many superstitious legends."—*Diary of James Skene*, quoted by SIR WALTER SCOTT. It is one of these legends of Franchémont which the poet recounts in IX, X.

IX 2. *Old Pitscottie.* Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie, author of the *Chronicles of Scotland*, from which many of the incidents of Marmion are taken.

7 *The Monk of Durham.* See *Cuthbert*, Glossary.

23 *Thy volumes, open as thy heart.* "Heber had a genius for friendship as well as for gathering together choice books. Sir Walter Scott addressed verses to him. . . . In brief, the sketch of Heber in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1834, contains a list of forty-six names,—all men of distinction by birth, learning, or genius, and all men who were proud to call Richard Heber friend."—*Leon H. Vincent.*

CANTO SIXTH.

I, 1. *On the gale.* "In the wind," in modern idiom.

IV, 13. *And smiling on her votaries' prayer.* "I shall only produce one instance more of the great veneration paid to Lady Hilda, which still prevails even in these our days; and that is, the constant opinion, that she rendered, and still renders, herself visible, on some occasions, in the Abbey of Whitby, where she so long resided. At a particular time of the year (viz., in the summer months), at ten or eleven in the forenoon, the sunbeams fall in the inside of the northern part of the choir; and 'tis then that the spectators, who stand on the west side of Whitby churchyard, so as just to see the most northerly part of the abbey past the north end of Whitby church, imagine they perceive in one of the highest windows there, the resem-

blance of a woman, arrayed in a shroud. Though we are certain this is only a reflection caused by the splendor of the sunbeams, yet fame reports it, and it is constantly believed among the vulgar, to be an appearance of Lady Hilda in her shroud, or rather in a glorified state."—Charlton's *History of Whitby*, quoted by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

20. *Well I knew*
(How) *to pay thy kindness grateful due.*

V, 18,19. *Expect not, noble dames and lords,*
That I can tell such scene in words.

"The bolder Englishman (I am told) will write a love-chapter and then go out, quite coolly, to dinner, but such goings on are contrary to the Scotch nature; even the great novelists dare not. Conceive Mr. Stevenson left alone with a hero, a heroine, and a proposal impending (he does not know where to look). Sir Walter in the same circumstances gets out of the room by making his love-scenes take place between the end of one chapter and the beginning of the next, but he could afford to do anything, and the small fry must e'en to their task."—*James M. Barrie.*

VI. *De Wilton's History.* "When the surprise at meeting a lover rescued from the dead is considered, the above picture will not be thought overcharged with colouring; and yet the painter is so fatigued with his exertion, that he has finally thrown away his brush, and is contented with merely *chalking out* the intervening adventures of De Wilton, without bestowing on them any colours at all." *Editor British Poets.* Will not Lord Jeffrey's criticism (see note to **V.** XXI. 9-31) apply with equal pertinence to *De Wilton's History?*

VII, 4. *Fame of my fate made various sound.* There were various rumors concerning my fate.

VIII, 6. *I borrow'd steed and mail*, etc. Compare De Wilton's account of the midnight adventure with that of Marmion, **IV.** XIX, XXI.

IX, 4. *Won by my proofs*, etc. In feudal times an elder noble was privileged to confer knighthood.

17. *And now I watch my armour here.* Watching the armor was one of the conditions attending the ceremony of conferring knighthood.

XI, 23. *He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page.* See *Gawain Douglas*, Glossary.

34. *As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.* "Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spens of Kilspindie, a favorite of James IV., having spoken of him lightly, the Earl met him while hawking, and, compelling him to single combat, at one blow cut asunder his thigh-bone, and killed him on the spot. But ere he could obtain James' pardon for this slaughter, Angus was obliged to yield his castle of Hermitage, in exchange for that of Bothwell, which was some diminution to the family greatness. The sword with which he struck so remarkable a blow was presented by his descendant, James, Earl of Morton, afterwards Regent of Scotland, to Lord Lindesay of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry Hill."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XII, 1-4. *Then at the altar Wilton kneels*, etc. A conspicuous example of incongruous tense-forms.

9. *Then Douglas struck him with his blade*, etc. See *knight, chivalry*, in any good cyclopædia.

26. *I have two sons in yonder field.* See note **V.** XIV. 27.

XIII, XIV. "This ebullition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus is not without example in the real history of the house of Douglas, whose chieftains possessed the ferocity, with the heroic virtues, of a savage state."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XV 1-8. *The steed along the drawbridge flies*, etc. Incongruity of tense-forms too noticeable to be overlooked.

13, 14.

St. Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!

Literally, as St. Jude shall speed [i. e., aid] me, I declare I never knew knight to do a deed so evil. "Lest the reader should partake of the Earl's astonishment, and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward VI. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XVIII, 8. *A reverend pilgrim dwells.* The reverend Patrick Brydone, Esq., a personal friend of the poet's.

XIX, 3. *Leave Barmore-wood,* etc. "On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's headquarters were at Barmoor Wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. On the morning of the 9th of September, 1513, Surrey marched in a northwesterly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel Bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed (see map), his rear guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the river and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with these natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James' forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Pitscottie

puts in his mouth, 'that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field,' and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.'

"The ancient bridge of Twisel, by which the English crossed the Till, is still standing beneath Twisel Castle, a splendid pile of Gothic architecture, as now rebuilt by Sir Francis Blake, Bart., whose extensive plantations have so much improved the country around. The glen is romantic and delightful, with steep banks on each side, covered with copse, particularly with hawthorne. Beneath a tall rock near the bridge is a plentiful fountain called St. Helen's Well."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXI, 16. *"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount.* "The speeches of Squire Blount are a great deal too unpolished for a noble youth aspiring to knighthood."—*Lord Jeffrey.*

20. *The river must be quickly cross'd.* What river? In what direction? See map.

XXII, 7,8. *The pheasant in the falcon's claw*
He scarce will yield to please a daw.

Who is the *pheasant* of the metaphor? the *falcon?* the *daw?*

XXIII, 1-3. *Hence might they see the full array,* etc. "The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden; but, so far as is necessary to understand the romance, I beg to remind him, that, when the English army, by their skilful countermarch, was fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight; and, setting fire to his tents (see XXV. 11), descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighboring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other (see XXV. 19-26), when according to the old poem of 'Flodden Field,'

'The English line stretched east and west,
And southward were their faces set;
The Scottish northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes they met.'"
—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PLAN OF ARRANGEMENT OF THE TWO ARMIES.

(NORTH)

Dacre-reserve.

English Line.

Right	Center	Left
Thos. and Ed. Howard	*Surrey*	*Stanley*
Huntley and Home	*King James IV.*	*Lennox and Argyle*
Left	Center	Right

Scottish Line

Bothwell-reserve

(SOUTH)

XXIII, 13. *Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare.* "The spot from which Clara views the battle must be supposed to have been a hillock commanding the rear of the English right wing which was defeated, and in which conflict Marmion is supposed to have fallen."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXIV, 4. *Thus have I ranged my powers.* "The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the Admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the Knight-Marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person; the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacre, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXV-XXXV. "Of all the poetical battles which have been fought, from the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation, —for breadth and magnificence of effect,—with this of Mr. Scott's."—*Lord Jeffrey.*

XXV, 9. *No hope of gilded spurs.* When a young knight had proven his valor, he was said to have won his spurs. Full privileges of knighthood were then conferred upon him and golden

spurs were bound to his heels by the hand of a fair lady.

XXVI, XXVII. *At length the freshening western blast*, etc. "When the smoke which the wind had driven between the armies (XXV. 27) was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in similar order of battle, and in deep silence. The Earls of Huntly and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing (XXVII. 7-10). Sir Edmund's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The Admiral, however, stood firm; and Dacre (XXIV. 9-10), advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry (XXIX. 10, 11), probably between the interval of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies (XXXIII. 14); and their leader is branded, by Scottish historians, with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntly, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said by the English historians, to have left the field after the first charge (XXXIII. 6). Meanwhile, the Admiral, whose flank these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed. On the left (XXVII. 1, 2), the success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers (XXIX. 17, 18). The King and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of

the galling discharge of arrows, charged with such fury that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley (XXXII. 20-22), who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James' division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces (XXXIV. 20-23); for the Scottish center not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder before dawn (XXXIV. 27-35)."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXVIII, 23-28. *Said*—"*By Saint George, he's gone!*" etc. See Note XXI. 16.

XXIX, 7. *Last of my race.* See *Marmion*, Glossary.

XXXI, 20-25. *I would the Fiend*, etc. Cf. **II.** XXXI.

XXXII, 5. *Ever, he* (Marmion) *said.*

9, 10. *In the lost battle*, etc. See **III.** XI.

12. *Avoid thee, Fiend*, etc. Whose words are these?

XXXIII, 9. *King Charles.* Charlemagne, founder of the Holy Roman Empire. Crowned by Pope Leo III., 800 A. D.

14. *To quit the plunder of the slain.* See Note XXVI, XXVII.

XXXIV, 37. *To tell red Flodden's dismal tale.* "They (the Scotch) lost perhaps from eight to ten thousand men; but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXXV, 5. *View not that corpse mistrustfully*, etc. "There can be no doubt that King James fell in the battle of Flodden. 'He was killed,' says the curious French Gazette, 'within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey'; and the same

account adds, that none of his division were made prisoners, though many were killed; a circumstance which testifies the desperation of their resistance. The Scottish historians record many of the idle reports which passed among the vulgar of their day. Home was accused, by the popular voice, not only of failing to support the King, but even of having carried him out of the field, and murdered him (ll. 7, 8). . . . Other reports . . . averred that James, weary of greatness after the carnage among his nobles, had gone on a pilgrimage, to merit absolution for the death of his father, and the breach of his oath of amity to Henry (ll. 9-12). In particular, it was objected to the English, that they could never show the token of the iron belt (**V.** IX. 20-22); which, however, he was likely enough to have laid aside on the day of battle, as encumbering his personal exertions. They produce a better evidence, the monarch's sword and dagger (ll. 16-18) which are still preserved in the Heralds' College in London."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

19. *But O! how changed since yon blithe night!* Cf. **V.** VIII, IX.

XXXVI, 9. *The fair cathedral storm'd and took.* "This storm of Lichfield Cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the King, took place in the Great Civil War. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the visor of his helmet. The Royalists remarked that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's cathedral, and upon St. Chad's day (l. 10), and received the death-wound in the very eye with which he had said he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

20. *The last Lord Marmion lay not there.* "A corpse is afterwards conveyed, as that of Marmion, to the cathedral of Lichfield, where a magnificent tomb is erected to his memory, and masses are instituted for the repose of his soul; but by an admirably imagined act of poetic justice, we are informed that a peasant's body was

placed beneath the costly monument (ll. 21-31), while the haughty Baron himself was buried like a vulgar corpse, on the spot on which he died" (XXXVII. 1-4).—*Monthly Review.*

XXXVIII. 16. *In terms be said.* In plain words.

23, 24. *That bluff King Hal,* etc. Marriage customs of which we have many reminders in modern times.

GLOSSARY

According. In harmony with. II. XI. 8.

Achaius. "King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated league with France." *Sir Walter Scott.* IV. VII. 19.

Address'd. Directed or proceeding toward. I. XVIII. 5.

Admiral, the. Thomas Howard, son of the Earl of Surrey. VI. XXIV. 14.

Aisle. The wing or lateral division of a church. Sometimes a general term for church or sanctuary. I. XXI. 13. Also used to designate a vault or a crypt. II. XVII. 3.

Albion. Poetic name for England. Intro. I. VII. 12.

Alcides. Hercules. Intro. VI. VI. 24.

All. (1) Even; just. I. XI. 12. (2) Sometimes used simply to intensify the expression. III. XVI. 10.

Alne. A small river of Northumberland. II. VIII. 15.

Amadis of Gaul. A celebrated hero of romance, said to be a son of the fabulous King Perion of France. Intro. I. XVIII. 12.

Amain. With might; with full force. VI. XXIII. 27.

An. If. VI. XIV. 4.

Andrew, Saint. The patron saint of Scotland. VI. XX. 16.

Angel. An ancient gold coin of England stamped with the figure of the Archangel Michael. Its value was about 10s. I. X. 8.

Angus or Forfarshire. The country north of the Firth of Tay. It was an ancient seat of the Douglas family. **Lord Angus.** The Earl of Douglas. VI. XIV. 20.

Arcadia. Sir Thomas More's pastoral romance of Arcadia portrays an ideal country ideally governed. Intro. IV. IV. 8.

Arden Wood. The Forest of Arden, where the principal scenes of Shakspere's *As You Like It* are laid. Intro. IV. I. 3.

Argent. Silver (a term of heraldry). IV. VI. 10.

Ariel. The delicate air-spirit familiar to readers of Shakspere's *The Tempest.* Intro. IV. VI. 2.

Armenie. Armenia. I. XXIII. 6

Arminius. Leader of the North German tribes against the Romans in the first century A.D. Intro. III. III. 36.

Arran. An island off the west coast of Scotland. III. XX. 11.

Ascapart and Bevis. Sir Bevis, the hero of an old tale of chivalry, was a knight-errant of Southampton. He had for his associate a horrible giant, Ascapart. Intro. I. XVIII. 5.

Ascension Day. The day on which the church commemorates the ascension of our Savior. It occurs forty days after Easter. II. XIII. 8.

Ascot plain. Ascot Heath, a famous race-course in Berkshire, near Windsor. Intro. V. VIII. 5.

Aves. Generally speaking, prayers or devotion. I. XXVI. 18. Ave!

Hail! The salutation in the Roman Catholic prayer to the Virgin.

Aventayle. The movable front or visor of a helmet. Intro. V. III. 11.

Ayton tower. A stronghold in Berwickshire, Scotland. I. XVIII. 14.

Baldric. A broad belt worn over one shoulder, across the breast and under the opposite arm. V. VIII. 18.

Bamborough. A castle on the coast of Northumberland; one of the oldest strongholds in Great Britain. II. VIII. 21.

Bandrol. A small flag or streamer. IV. XXVIII. 6.

Bannockbourne. A village of Scotland, situated about two miles southeast of Stirling. Here, in 1314, a battle was fought between the English armies led by Edward II. and the Scottish forces under Robert Bruce. It resulted in a decisive victory for the Scots. VI. XX. 19.

Bard. A singer or poet. Formerly, in Scotland, a strolling musician. Intro. I. XII. 10. See MINSTREL.

Bartizan. A small projecting tower or other structure for outlook or defense. VI. II. 21.

Basnet. (Also *bascinet.*) A light, open helmet. VI. XXI. 7.

Bass, the. A rock-island of Haddingtonshire, near the mouth of the Firth of Forth. Its history has been a remarkable one. In its dungeons, cut in solid rock, many eminent Covenanters were imprisoned in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. It was the last stronghold of the Stuarts in Scotland. V. XXIX. 6.

Bastion. A structure projecting outward from the main rampart, and so built as to be able to defend, by a flanking fire, adjacent parts of the fortification. VI. II. 22.

Batavia. A fortified city and seaport of Java, capital of the Dutch possessions in the East. Intro. III. VI. 20.

Beads. A rosary. I. XXVI. 17. **Beads** (to tell). To use the rosary in repeating the prescribed prayers of the Roman church. V. XXVI. 40. **St. Cuthbert's beads.** See Note II. XVI. 3,4. **Bid your beads.** To count the beads of the rosary in prayer. VI. XXVII. 26.

Beadsman. An almsman; a dependent priest whose duty was to pray for his patron or benefactor. VI. VI. 6

Bearings. Emblems in an escutcheon or coat of arms. VI. XXXVIII. 14.

Beauclerk. "Fine scholar." Henry I. of England 1100-1135. Intro. V. VI. 5.

Becket (St. Thomas à). Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Henry II. He opposed the king in his measures for the restriction of the ecclesiastical courts. The quarrel culminated in the murder of the Archbishop, by four of Henry's knights, who basely slew him on the steps of the altar. He was canonized; hence the favorite oath. IV. I. 13.

Bede, Saint. An English monk and historian (673-735 A.D.), surnamed *The Venerable.* He is buried in Durham Cathedral. I. XXI. 29.

Belted. Wearing a belt in distinction of knighthood. VI. IX. 19.

Benedicite. "Bless ye." The word

which begins the Latin version of a canticle in the Church ritual. II. II. 9.

Benedictine. Belonging to the famous order of monks established by St. Benedict in the sixth century. The rules of St. Benedict were less rigid than those of many other ascetic orders. II. IV. 2.

Bent. A steep hillside or declivity. IV. XXV. 4.

Bernard, Saint. Abbot of Clairvaux. One of the most powerful dignitaries of the medieval church. Died 1153. Canonized, 1174. VI. XVIII. 11.

Bernardine. A monastic order founded in the twelfth century, and reformed by St. Bernard. They differ in little from the Cistercians. VI. XVIII. 9.

Berwick. A fortified seaport of Great Britain, situated between England and Scotland, at the mouth of the Tweed. V. XXIX. 2.

Bevis. See ASCAPART.

Bill A battle-axe. I. VIII. 2.

Blazed. Emblazoned; adorned with armorial emblems. VI. XXXVI. 17.

Blazon. (1) To ornament or emblazon with a coat of arms. I. VIII. 11. (2) The banner or other cognizance of a noble family. V. XV. 19.

Blondel. The famous and faithful minstrel of Richard I. Intro. V. VI. 10.

Bloody Heart. "A human heart is well known as a charge in the coat of the famous house of Douglas, where it was placed to commemorate the duty entrusted by Robert Bruce to the 'good Sir James Douglas,' that he should bear with him the heart of his sovereign and friend to the Holy Land and bury it there.' Boutell's *English Heraldry*. VI. II. 10.

Blythe. A river of Northumberland. II. VIII. 9.

Boldrewood. The New Forest, the royal park and hunting ground, set apart in Hampshire by William the Conqueror. Intro. I. XVIII. 7.

Borough-moor. "The Borough or Common Moor of Edinburgh was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the Braid Hills." *Sir Walter Scott*. IV. XXV. 6.

Borthwick's Sisters Seven. Seven culverins (or small cannon), so named from him who cast them. IV. XXVII. 9.

Bosworth Field. Situated in Warwickshire, England. Here the final battle of the Wars of the Roses was fought in 1485, between the English armies under Richard III. and the forces of Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond. Richard was slain and Richmond ascended the throne as Henry VII. I. V. 8.

Bothan, Saint. A minor saint in the Scottish calendar. VI. XV. 17.

Bothwell (Earl of). James Hepburn, 1526-1576. Notorious in history as first the favorite adviser, and afterwards the husband of Mary Stuart. The murder of Lord Darnley is generally imputed to him. IV. XII. 19.

Bothwell (Castle). An ancient seat of the Douglas family, in Lanarkshire, about eight miles from Glasgow. V. XIV. 15.

Bower. (1) A chamber or private room; especially, a secret chamber or retreat. V. X. 28. (2) A hall or room of state. V. VII. 3. (3) Trees or verdure. Intro. IV. VII. 2.

Bowhill. A seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, on the Yarrow, in Ettrick forest. Intro. II. II. 22.

Bowls. A game played with wooden balls on a level greensward. I. XXII. 9.

Bowne. To make ready; to prepare. IV. XXII. 33.

Bowyer. An archer. II. XV. 11.

Bratchet. A slow hound. Intro. II. I. 42.

Brandenburg. An electorate of the German Empire, afterwards the kingdom of Prussia. Intro. III. III. 12.

Brave. Excellent; showy; finely displayed. I. X. 2.

Bravely. Showily. VI. XXI. 12.

Brawn. The flesh of the boar. Intro. VI. III. 7.

Breviary. A book containing the daily prayers and service of the Roman Church. VI. III. 28.

Bride, Saint, or St. Bridget. One of the patron saints of Ireland, and the favorite saint of the House of Douglas, especially of the Earl of Angus. Her shrine was at Bothwell Castle. VI. XIV. 27.

Brigantine, or Brigandine. A coat of armor made of metal scales, which were usually sewed or quilted upon linen or other cloth. V. II. 23.

Britomart. Intro. V. III. 27. See Note Intro. V. III. 1.

Brook. (1) To restrain or control. I. X. 11. (2) To bear; to endure. III. XIV. 3.

Broom. A plant characterized by straight, stiff branches, which are used for making brooms. IV. XXIV. 2.

Bruce (Robert). Scotland's favorite king and hero. (1274-1329). VI. XX. 15. See BANNOCKBOURNE.

Buckler. A small shield for the arm. III III. 14.

Bulwark. A rampart or fortification; anciently a *bastion*. VI. II. 21.

Burgher. A freeman of a town or borough. IV. XXXII. 12.

Bush. The sign of an inn or tavern, appropriately an ivy bush, which was sacred to Bacchus, the god of wine and good cheer. III. II. 9.

Buskins. Half-boots. V. VIII. 19.

Bute. An island off the west coast of Scotland. III. XX. 11.

Buxom. Wholesome; heart-cheering; care-free. Intro. IV. VII. 20.

Cairn. A pile of loose stones, such as crown the summit of many Scottish hills. They are supposed to be ancient sepulchral monuments. Intro. I. XIV. 12.

Caledonia. The ancient Latin name for Scotland, still used poetically. **Caledonian pride.** The flower of the Scottish army. VI. XXXIII. 19.

Caledonia's Queen. Edinburgh. Intro. V. II. 5.

Cambria. The ancient Latin name for Wales, still used poetically. Intro. VI. VII. 3.

Camp. "A favorite dog of the Poet's, a bull terrier of extraordinary sagacity. He is introduced into Raeburn's portrait of Sir Walter Scott, now at Dalkeith Palace." Intro. IV. VI. 19.

Canterbury. The metropolitan see of England. Here Augustine became the first archbishop over the first cathedral and built the first monastery erected in England. I. XXIV. 2.

Cap of maintenance. The cap of state carried before the English monarchs at the ceremony of coronation. A symbol of investure

in offices of state or dignity; as, King-at-arms. IV. VII. 12.

Career. A rapid course; riding at full speed on horseback. III. XXIV. 3.

Carpet knight. A knight who prefers luxury and safety to danger and hardships. I. V. 18.

Case, well in. See Note I. XXI. 16.

Casque. A defensive covering for the head and neck; a helmet. I. V. 13.

Cast. (1) To plan; to design. IV. XVII. 20. (2) To compute; to reckon. IV. III. 3.

Catherine. Catherine of Aragon, first of the unhappy wives of Henry VIII. VI. XXXVIII. 24.

Caxton or de Worde. William Caxton was the first person to introduce printing into England (1474). Died, 1492. Wynken de Worde was Caxton's successor in England in the use of the press. IV. IV. 24.

Cell. General word for a convent, its management and environs. II. IV. 9.

Cessford. Robert Carr (or Kerr) of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches of Scotland. V. X. 5.

Chad, Saint, or Ceadda. The devoted Irish bishop, who, with St. Cuthbert, introduced Christianity into England in the sixth and seventh centuries. The Mercian see of Lichfield still looks to him as its founder. VI. XXXVI. 10. See Green's *Short History of the English People*, chapter I.

Chalice. The consecrated cup used in the eucharistic sacrament. Intro. VI. II. 10.

Champion. In days of chivalry, a knight who engaged himself to defend the honor or rights of those weaker than himself. I. V. 19. See *Chivalry* in any good cyclopædia.

Chapel Perilous. Intro. I. XV. 12. See MORGANA.

Chapelle. Chapel. III. XXIX. 3.

Chaplet. A rosary. V. XVIII. 12.

Character. Handwriting. V. XXIII. 15.

Cheviot Hills. A range extending along the border line of England and Scotland. Flodden Field is the last point of the Cheviots. I. I. 3.

Chief. A term of heraldry used to designate the upper part of a shield. VI. II. 11.

Church, the. As here used, the Church of Rome. II. XX. 19.

Churl. A rustic laborer; a boorish fellow. III. XXVIII. 2.

Cincture. A girdle. IV. XVI. 22.

Cistertian. An order of monks and nuns founded in 1098. V. XXX. 34. See BERNARDINE.

Claymore. A large two-handled sword. Intro. VI. VII. 6.

Clerk. A learned person. III. XIX. 1.

Clip. To clasp or embrace. Intro. VI. V. 14.

Cloister. Originally a covered walk. More generally a term denoting a place of religious seclusion: a convent, monastery or nunnery. II. III. 12.

Close. The conclusion of a strain of music. II. XI. 5.

Cloth-yard arrows. "This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England distinguished for archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used. Thus, at the battle of Blackheath, between the troops of Henry VII. and the Cornish insurgents in 1496, the Bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel

army, 'whose arrows,' says Holinshed, 'were in length a full cloth yard.'" *Sir Walter Scott.* V. I. 18.

Cochran. A favorite of James III. V. XV. 30.

Cockle-shell. The badge of a holy pilgrim. I. XXIII. 14.

Cœur-de-Lion. Richard I. of England. III. XXII. 22.

Cognizance. A heraldic blazon or device; a coat of arms. VI. II. 12.

Columbella. The "faire Columbell" of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, to whom the devoted service of the Squire of Dames was rendered. Intro. V. III. 21. See Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Bk. III. Canto VII.

Colwulf, or Ceolwulf. "King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He abdicated the throne in 738 and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odor of sanctity." *Sir Walter Scott.* II. XVII. 7.

Combust. Said of planets when their light is obscured by nearness to the sun. III. XX. 26.

Coquet-Isle. A small island off the coast of Northumberland. II. VIII. 13.

Corslet. Armor for the body; the breastplate and back piece taken together. VI. V. 8.

Cottiswold. Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire. I. XII. 8.

Couch. To lower a spear or lance to the position of attack. III. XXII. 35.

Couchant. Lying down with the head raised, said of a lion or other beast. VI. XXXVI. 13.

Coventry. A city of England, in Warwickshire. See Note V. XXXI. 10.

Cresset. An open lamp or cup filled with combustible material and sometimes used as a torch. II. XVIII. 17.

Crest. (1) The plume or other ornament of a helmet; also the helmet itself. I. VI. 5. (2) To crown; to wreathe; to surmount. III. XXII. 30.

Crichtoun Castle. "A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about ten miles from Edinburgh." *Sir Walter Scott.* IV. X. 2.

Culverin. An ancient form of cannon. IV. XXVII. 10.

Cunninghame. A town on the west coast of Scotland. III. XX. 11.

Curvett. A leaping movement or exercise of peculiar grace in which skilled riders were accustomed to train their horses. V. II. 15.

Cuthbert, Saint. A noted Irish monk who taught the doctrines of Christianity in England before the coming of Augustine. He was prior of Melrose about 664 A.D. "He died A.D. 688, in a hermitage upon the Farne Islands." *Sir Walter Scott.* See Note II. XIV. 1. **Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle.** The island of Lindisfarne, where the seat of the see of Durham was located, of which Cuthbert was the sixth bishop. II. I. 10.

Dacre, Lord. Commander of the reserves at the battle of Flodden. VI. XXIV. 9.

Darkling. (1) In the dark: groping. III. XXVIII. 15. (2) Frowning. Intro. V. I. 23.

Deas. A dais or raised platform. The seat of honor at a banquet. I. XIII. 5.

Demi-volte. A half-vault; one of the artificial motions of a horse in

which he raises his fore-legs in a peculiar manner. IV. XXX. 33.

Denny (Sir Anthony). An English courtier and favorite of Henry VIII. VI. XXXVIII. 22.

Despiteously. Spitefully; maliciously. V. XXI. 14.

Devon. A county in Southern England, noted for its richness of soil and valuable dairy products. Intro. III. VI. 40.

Dight. Prepared; made ready. I. VI. 11.

Dome. Poetically, a building or house, especially a church or a monastery. In this case, the convent at Whitby. V. XXXII. 9.

Donjon. The chief or strongest tower of a fortified castle; the keep. I. II. 5.

Doublet. A close-fitting garment for men, covering the body from the neck to a little below the waist. I. XV. 23.

Douglas. The name of a noble Scottish family; the Earls of Angus. V. XIV. 1.

Down. A tract of poor hilly land, usually near the sea, and frequently used for pasturing sheep. III. XXII. 30.

Drench. To cause or to give to drink. V. XXII. 6.

Dryhope. "Near the lower extremity of St. Mary's Lake, which forms the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source, are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birthplace of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty." *Sir Walter Scott.* Intro. II. VI. 14.

Dub. To confer knighthood upon. VI. XII. 11.

Dunbar. A Scottish seaport at the mouth of the Firth of Forth. I. XIX. 4.

Dun-Edin. Edinburgh. Anciently *Edwin's borough.* V. XVIII. 5.

Dun-Edin's Cross. "The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner and medallions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the proper cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted by a unicorn." *Sir Walter Scott.* V. XXV. 1.

Dunfermline. A Scottish town about sixteen miles northwest of Edinburgh. **Dunfermline nave.** The abbey of Dunfermline founded by Malcolm and his queen in the eleventh century. Bruce was buried here. III. XXV. 9.

Durham's Gothic shade. Durham cathedral, situated on the Wear river in northern England. It is one of the best examples of the Romanesque style of architecture in England, and is the place of interment of the Venerable Bede and the final resting place of St. Cuthbert. II. XIV. 27.

Edelfled. "A Saxon princess, daughter of King Oswy, who, in gratitude to Heaven for the great victory which he won in 655 against Penda, the Pagan King of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, then but a

year old, to the service of God, in the monastery of Whitby, of which St. Hilda was then Abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence." *Sir Walter Scott.* **II. XIII. 13.**

Eke. Also; likewise. **III. XIX. 4.**

Elf. Used in a derogatory sense to indicate one slow of understanding or dull in imagination. **VI. XXXVIII. 1.**

Embrazure. A window or other aperture in a wall or parapet; a loophole. **VI. XI. 4.**

Empress of the North. Edinburgh. **IV. XXXII. 2.**

Emprize. Enterprise; undertaking. Intro. I. VII. 5.

Enow. Enough. **I. XIX. 2.**

Errant-knight. In times of chivalry, a wandering or adventurous knight. **IV. IV. 8.**

Erst. Formerly. Intro. **II. V. 8.**

Eske river. A river of Southern Scotland, tributary to Solway Firth. **V. XII. 3.**

Ettrick woods. Extensive forests on the bank of the Yarrow river, in Selkirkshire. The ancient domain of the clan of Scott. **VI. XXXVI. 21.**

Exclaim on. To censure; to rail at. **V. XXX. 27.**

Fair. (1) Frankly; courteously. **I. XV. 6.** (2) A fair lady. **V. XXVII. 5.**

Falconer. One who trains or hunts with a falcon. **V. XXII. 26.**

Falchion. A broad-bladed, slightly curved, short sword. **V. VI. 14.**

Fane. A church or other sanctuary. **VI. III. 10.**

Fay. Faith. **I. XXII. 23.**

Featly. Dexterously; skilfully. **VI. VIII. 29.**

Fell. (1) Deadly; cruel. **III. XXIII. 28.** (2) A barren or rocky hill or upland. **II. XXXIII. 21.**

Fence. (1) A defence or guard. **VI. V. 5.** (2) To defend or guard. Intro. **II. I. 6.**

Fever'd. Marked by changes of fortune; varied. Intro. **IV. I. 22.**

Field. The surface of a shield, "so called," says Dryden "because it contains those achievements anciently acquired on the field of battle." **VI. II. 10.**

Fillan, Saint. "St. Fillan was a Scottish saint of some reputation. There are in Perthshire several wells and springs dedicated to St. Fillan, which are still places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness, and in some of very late occurrence, lunatics have been left all night bound to the holy stone, in confidence that the saint would come and unloose them before morning." *Sir Walter Scott.* **I. XXIX. 12.**

Fleur-de-lis. The beautiful heraldic device so long identified with the history of France, derived, it would seem, from the flower of a lily resembling the iris. It was first adopted by Louis VII. in 1179. Edward III. of England (1340-1405) first quartered the ancient arms of France with the Lions of England. **IV. VII. 20.**

Flodden Field. The last point of the Cheviot hills in Northumberland. Here James IV. of Scotland, with an army of more than 30,000 men, was defeated with great disaster by the English forces under the Earl of Surrey, Sept. 9, 1573. It is the scene of the culminating events of the story of Marmion. See Note **VI. XXIII-XXXV.**

Flourish. A fantastical musical passage, used as a call or announcement. IV. V. 5.

Flower of Yarrow. Intro. II. VI. 15. See DRYHOPE.

Fond. Foolish; weak. V. XXXI. 31.

Fontarabia. A fortified town of Northern Spain. VI. XXXIII. 8.

Fontenaye. I. XI. 7. See MARMION.

Fontevraud. An ancient abbey in the town of Fontevrault. France. II. XX. 18.

Forbes. "Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet; unequalled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large." *Sir Walter Scott.* Intro. IV. V. 27.

Fordun, (John of). A Scottish chronicler who died about 1385. Intro. VI. IX. 9.

Fosse. A broad ditch surrounding a fortified castle; a moat. V. XXXIII. 10.

Fox (Rt. Hon. Charles James). 1749-1806. See Note to Intro. I. X.

Franchémont. See Note to Intro. VI. VIII. 2.

Friar Rush. Will o' the Wisp: Jack o' Lantern. IV. I. 31.

Gadite wave. See note to Intro. I. VI. 4.

Galliard. A lively dance. V. XII. 32.

Gammon. A ham salted and smoked. III. III. 7.

'Gan. Began. VI. XXIX. 2.

Ganore. Queen Guinevere, wife of King Arthur. Intro. I. XV. 15. See Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*, and Lanier's *The Boys' King Arthur.*

Gawain (Douglas). "The well known Gawain Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, son of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus. He was the author of a Scottish metrical version of the Æneid, and of many other poetical pieces of great merit. He had not at this period attained the mitre." *Sir Walter Scott.* VI. XII. 15.

Genius. A guardian spirit. Intro. I. XVII. 8.

Gentles. Persons of noble lineage: well-born. III. XXV. 20.

George, Saint. The patron saint of England. IV. XXI. 22. Saint George's banner. The English flag. I. II. 1.

Ghast. Ghastly. IV. XXI. 20.

Giant's Grave. Intro. II. VIII. 29. See LOCH-SKENE.

Gifford. A Scottish village about four miles from Haddington. III. I. 22.

Giles (St.). A famous cathedral of Edinburgh. V. XX. 10.

Giust. Joust; a mock combat between knights in the lists. I. XIV. 7.

Glee. Music: minstrelsy. I. IV. 5.

Glendowerdy. Magic art practiced by Glendower. Intro. VI. VII. 4.

Goblin-Hall. "A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford or Yester, the construction of which has, from a very remote period, been ascribed to magic." *Sir Walter Scott.* III. XIX. 10.

Gorget. Defensive armor for the neck. V. II. 23.

Gorse. A thorny evergreen shrub common in England and Scotland. Also called furze or whin. III. I. 13.

Gothic. Relating to the Goths, an ancient Teutonic race of northern Europe. Intro. II. II. 16. In architecture, that style which is characterized by the pointed

arches, slender columns and elaborate carving. Intro. I. XIII. 17.

Gothic harp. Harp of the North. Intro. I. XII. 9.

Graeme. "The ancient and powerful family of Graham, which, for metrical reasons, is here spelled after the Scottish pronunciation." *Sir Walter Scott.* V. XII. 43.

Gramercy. (Fr. *grand-merci.*) Many thanks. I. XXV. 1.

Gripple. Greedy; grasping. Intro. VI. IX. 17.

Gueldres, or **Guelders.** A province of the Netherlands. V. XXI. 23.

Guide. Frequently used in the sense of *to escort, to conduct*, rather than with the usual meaning of showing the way. VI. X. 2.

Gules. Red. IV. VI. 10.

Haco. King of Norway in the first half of the 17th century. III. XX. 7.

Hafnia. Copenhagen. Intro. I. VII. 4.

Hagbut, or **Hackbut.** A heavy musket. V. III. 8.

Halbert. A long-handled weapon, combining the office of both spear and battle-axe. I. VIII. 2.

Hall. (1) In feudal times, the chief room of a castle or manor house. I. XXII. 12. (2) "*A hall! a hall!*" a cry used in clearing the way for a dance or pageant. V. XVII. 6.

Hall. An English chronicler of the 16th century. His work contains an account of the battle of Flodden. VI. XXXVIII. 9.

Hanger. A short, curved sword. Intro. VI. VIII. 12.

Hap what hap. Let happen what may. VI. XXI. 6.

Harper. See BARD or MINSTREL. I. XIII. 9; also, II. VII. 3.

Harquebuss or **Harquebuse.** A rude firearm of the 15th century. Intro. II. I. 48.

Harry Hotspur. Sir Henry Percy, slain in the battle of Shrewsbury, 1403. VI. IX. 8.

Hebudes. The Hebrides Islands. IV. XXVI. 1.

Henry meek. "Henry VI., with his queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, fled to (Edinburgh) Scotland after the fatal battle of Towton." *Sir Walter Scott.* Intro. V. IV. 30.

Hepburn, Earl Adam. Second Earl of Bothwell and grandfather of James, Earl of Bothwell, too well known in the history of Mary Stuart. IV. XII. 13.

Herald. In feudal days an important officer, whose duty was to carry messages and to proclaim or announce events of war, combat, etc. V. XV. 14.

Hilda, Saint. The Abbess Hilda, founder and patron saint of Whitby Abbey. II. III. 16.

Hind. (1) The female of the red deer. II. XXXIII. 24. (2) A peasant or rustic laborer. Intro. III. VII. 29.

Hold. A stronghold; a castle. II. I. 5.

Hollinshed. An English chronicler of the 16th century. VI. XXXVIII. 9.

Holt. A wooded hill. Intro. II. II. 10.

Holy Isle. See LINDISFARNE. II. I. 10.

Holy-Rood. A royal palace of Scotland, located at Edinburgh. V. XI. 5.

Home (Earl of). VI. XXVI. 26. See Note VI. XXVI-XXVII.

Horse-courser. An enthusiastic lover of good horses; a horse-racer. VI. XVI. 32.

Hosen. Old plural of *hose.* Close fitting breeches. I. VIII. 14.

Howard, Edmund. The Knight

Marshal of the English army and son of the Earl of Surrey. VI. XXVI. 20.

Hugh the Heron (Sir). See Note I. XIII. 2.

Huntly. VI. XXVI. 26. See Note VI. XXVI, XXVII.

Ida. King of Deira, one of the ancient divisions of Northumbria. II. VIII. 22.

Iol. "The Iol of the heathen Dane (a word still applied to Christmas in Scotland) was solemnized with great festivity." *Sir Walter Scott.* Intro. VI. I. 7.

Isis. The upper part of the main stream of the Thames. The name, "a quasi-classical form of Ouse," is fittingly associated with that of classic Oxford, which is situated upon its banks. Intro. II. IX. 1.

Jack. A coat of defense, usually made of leather quilted with iron. V. III. 2.

Jacques. "The melancholy Jacques" of Shakspere's *As You Like It.* Intro. IV. I. 4.

James, Royal. James (Stuart) IV. of Scotland. I. XVIII. 1.

Jerkin. A short coat or jacket. I. VIII. 14.

Keep. The strongest and securest part of a castle; the donjon. I. I. 4.

Kettle-drum. A kettle-shaped instrument having a parchment head like a drum. IV. XXXI. 3.

King-at-arms. The chief heraldic officer of a noble house. IV. VI. 11.

Kirn. The Scottish harvest-home. Intro. IV. IV. 4.

Kirtle. A kind of petticoat or kilt used as a part of the dress of either sex. *Kirtle sheen.* Silk petticoat. V. IV. 34. Also Intro. VI. II 11.

Knave. Any male servant or menial. III. XXVIII. 10.

Knight-errant. See ERRANT KNIGHT. VI. XX. 11.

Knosp. A sculptured bud or knob, the ornamental termination of a pinnacle. Intro. V. IV. 18.

Kyle. A town on the east coast of Scotland. III. XX. 11.

Lammermoor. A range of hills forming the boundary of East Lothian and Berwickshire, Scotland. III. I. 19.

Lance, To break a. To champion, to take up arms for. V. X. 13.

Largesse. A present or gift bestowed. The exclamation with which dependents acknowledged the liberality of a knight. I. XI. 13.

Largs. A seaport town of Scotland about 22 miles from Glasgow. Here, in 1623, Alexander III. defeated Haco, King of Norway, in a destructive battle. III. XXIV. 11.

Larum. An alarming or warning of danger; a summons to arms. IV. XXXII. 11.

Latian. Belonging or relating to Latium, a country of ancient Italy, hence classic. Intro. VI. VI. 14.

Lauder. A river of Berwickshire, Scotland. **Lauder's dreary flat.** Lauderdale. V. XIV. 8.

Laverock. The lark. Intro. IV. VI. 22.

Lennel's convent. A Cistercian monastery which was situated very near the Flodden Field. VI. XVIII. 3.

Levin. Lightning. Intro. I. VI. 5.

Leyden. "John Leyden, M.D., who

had been of great service to Sir Walter Scott in the preparation of the *Border Minstrelsy*, sailed for India in April, 1803, and died at Java in August, 1811, before completing his 36th year." Intro. VI. VI. 21.

Lichfield's lofty pile. The beautiful cathedral of Lichfield, which dates from the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries VI. XXXVI. 3.

Liddisdale. The valley of the Liddel river in Dumfrieshire. V. XIV. 13.

Liege. One having authority or claim to allegiance. III. XXI. 15. **Liegeman.** The subject of a sovereign lord. V. XIII. 21.

Limbo. (*Limbus*, border). A sort of neutral land on the confines of Paradise for those who are not good enough for heaven, nor bad enough for hell. According to Dante, Limbo is between hell and that borderland where dwell "the praiseless and the nameless dead." Intro. VI. VI. 17.

Limner. A portrait painter. IV. XVI. 31.

Lindesay, Sir David. A Scottish poet of the 16th century. He held the important office of King-at-arms under James IV., unless, as Scott himself doubtfully suggests, his introduction as such in *Marmion* be an anachronism. IV. VII. 30.

Lindisfarne. An island off the coast of Northumberland. At low tide it becomes a peninsula, as indicated in the poem. It is called *Holy Isle* from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the Episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. II. IV. 12. See ST. CUTHBERT.

Line. (1) A trench or rampart for defense. Intro. V. II. 8. (2) A general term for poetry. VI. V. 24.

Linlithgow, or Lithgow. One of the most imposing and beautiful of the royal palaces of Scotland. It is situated on the Firth of Forth, not far from Edinburgh. In this castle Mary Queen of Scots was born. IV. XV. 4.

Linn. A waterfall. Intro. I. I. 3.

Linstock. A pointed staff, with a notch or fork, to hold a lighted match for firing cannon. I. IX. 8.

List. To desire; to be disposed to do a thing; to choose. I. VIII. 6.

Lists, or Listed field. The space enclosed for a combat at arms or a tournament. I. XII. 8; also, I. XII. 13.

Livings. Estates or income. V. XXII. 11.

Livy. The greatest of Roman historians. He was also the author of numerous philosophical dialogues. Intro. VI. VI. 27.

Lochaber. A wild and mountainous district of Scotland, County of Inverness, in the vicinity of Lochs Linnhe, Leven, and Eil. Intro. III. VI. 39.

Lochinvar. A lake of Scotland in Kirkcudbright. It is about three miles in circumference. The remains of a castle of the Gordons, Knights of Lochinvar, are on an island in this lake. V. XII. 1.

Loch-Skene. "A mountain lake of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the

lake. Loch-Skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height and gloomy grandeur, called from its appearance the 'Gray Mare's Tail.' The 'Giant's Grave' afterwards mentioned, is a sort of trench, which bears that name, a little way from the foot of the cataract." *Sir Walter Scott.* Intro. II. VIII. 7 to end.

Locutus Bos. The ox speaks. Intro. VI. VI. 28.

Lodon. Lothian, a division of Scotland, comprising the counties of Haddington, Edinburgh, and Linlithgow, respectively called East, Middle, and West Lothian. II. XV. 5.

Lordling. One of noble birth. I. XII. 5.

Loretto. A city of eastern Italy, noted for its magnificent sanctuary. I. XXVII. 14.

Lurch. To lurk; to shift or dodge. Intro. II. I. 26.

Mace. A heavy spiked club; also an emblem of authority. V. II. 27.

Mad Tom. The common name for an idiot; assumed by Edgar in *King Lear.* Intro. IV. VII. 24.

Magi. Wise men of the East; sages or magicians. III. XX. 20.

Maida. A town of Southern Italy. The scene of the victory of the English over the French, in the battle which was fought July 6, 1806. Intro. VI. VII. 7.

Make. To do. VI. V. 1.

Malbecco. The jealous and miserly husband of the beautiful Hellenore, of whom an account is given in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III. Canto IX. Intro. V. III. 19.

Malcolm. The name of several of the ancient kings of Scotland. III. XXII. 27.

Malison. A curse or invective. V. XXV. 9.

Malvoisie. Malmsey wine, a sweet wine made in Crete; originally from Malvasia in the Morea. I. IV. 1.

Manor. So much land as a feudal lord or noble kept in his own hands for the use and subsistence of his family; a family mansion or domain. VI. XIII. 2.

Margaret queen. Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. of England and wife of James IV. of Scotland. I. XVII. 10.

Marie. "Marie of France, who translated the *Lays of Brittany* into French. She resided at the court of Henry III. of England to whom she dedicated her book." *Sir Walter Scott.* Intro. V. VI. 10.

Mark. An old weight and coin. I. XI. 11.

Marmion. "The principal character of the present romance is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, were highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby in Lincolnshire. One or both of these noble possessions was held by the honorable service of being the Royal Champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de

Marmion, who died in 20th Edward I. without issue male. . . . I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage." *Sir Walter Scott.* I. IV. 9.

Massy More. "The castle of Crichton has a dungeon vault, called the Massy More. The epithet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saracenic origin." *Sir Walter Scott.* IV. XI. 24.

Master, the. The title given in Scotland to the eldest son or heir to the estate. VI. XVI. 29.

Maudlin. A contraction of Magdalen. V. IV. 33.

Mead. A fermented beverage made of water and honey with malt or yeast. Intro. VI. I. 7.

Measure. A dance. V. XII. 30.

Melrose. One of the most magnificent of Scottish monasteries. Its ruins still stand on the Tweed river, near Scott's house, Abbotsford. II. XIV. 10.

Merse. A district of Berwickshire. III. I. 6.

Milan steel. Milan, a town of northern Italy, was famous in the Middle Ages for the superior quality of the armor made there. I. VI. 2.

Mimosa. The sensitive plant. Intro. IV. VII. 14.

Minion. A favorite; a servile dependent. V. XIV. 7.

Minister. Instrument; agent. V. XXXI. 20.

Minstrel. A bard; a singer and harper. Intro. III. IX. 13.

Moffatdale. See LOCH-SKENE. Intro. II. VIII. 31.

Montserrat. A mountain in northern Spain, whose peculiar shape superstition ascribes to nature's convulsions at the hour of the crucifixion. I. XXIII. 15.

More. Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor in the reign of Henry VIII.; author of *Utopia;* beheaded for denying the Act of Supremacy. VI. XXXVIII. 22.

Morgana, or Morgaine (sea-woman). In Celtic legend and Arthurian romance, a fairy, sister of King Arthur. Because Lancelet refused her love, she first lured him into her castle and afterward erected the "Chapel Perilous" in which the knight met and successfully withstood many dangers and enticements. In Italian romance Morgana is known as *Fata Morgana.* Intro. I. XV. 11. (See Lanier's *The Boys' King Arthur,* Book II. Chap. III.)

Morrice-pike. A Moorish pike. I. X. 1.

Moss. A marsh. V. IV. 15.

Mullet. A five-pointed star representing the rowel of a spur, used in heraldry to designate the third son. VI. II. 11.

Mumming. Masking. Intro. VI. III. 25.

Nave. The middle or body of a church. III. XXV. 9.

Nelson. Admiral Nelson, killed in the battle of Trafalgar, 1805. Intro. I. V. 14.

Newark (castle). A massive stone tower, built by James II. upon the banks of the Yarrow. Intro. II. I. 32.

Noll Bluff. A character in one of Congreve's plays. Intro. VI. VI. 9.

Norham castle. A baronial stronghold situated in northern England, on the southern bank of the Tweed. I. I. I.

Northumbria. Northumberland.

Originally, the land north of the Humber river in England. **Northumbrian seas.** The North Sea. II. I. 7.

Norweyan. Of Norway; Norwegian. III. XX. 8.

Norwich. A town of Norfolk, England. I. XXIV. 1.

Oaten reed. A shepherd's pipe made of a wheat or oat straw. Intro. IV. IV. 7.

Oberon. King of the Fairies. (See Shakspere's *Midsummer Night's Dream.*) Intro. II. II. 36.

Odin. (Northern Myth.) The supreme deity of the ancient Scandinavians. In his honor the wildest festivities were celebrated. Intro. VI. I. 23.

Olivier, or Oliver. A favorite paladin of Charlemagne. The friendly emulation between Oliver and Roland (another paladin, and the supposed nephew of Charlemagne) gave rise to the proverb "A Roland for an Oliver" VI. XXXIII. 10.

Oriana. In the romance of *Amadis de Gaul*, a daughter of Lisuarte, a legendary king of England. She is the fair and faithful one, beloved by Amadis, son of the French king Perion. In a set of madrigals celebrating the beauty and virtue of Elizabeth at 68, the name Oriana was given to her in flattery. Intro. I. VIII. 13.

Otterburne. Otterburn, a township of England, County of Northumberland, 20 miles from Hexham. About half a mile from the village is an obelisk marking the spot where Earl Douglas fell in the battle of Chevy Chase, 1388. VI. IX. 7.

Pageant. A show or spectacle; any beautiful sight or display. V. XXVI. 37.

Paladin. Specifically, the name applied in old romance to the knights of Charlemagne. The term is comprehensively used for lords or knights in general. VI. XXXIII. 11.

Pale. Inclosure. VI. III. 14.

Palfrey. A saddle-horse for the road or for state occasions, as distinguished from a war horse. I. VIII. 24.

Palinure. Palinurus, in Greek classical legend, the pilot of Æneas. He perished on the western coast of Italy. Intro. I. IX. 3.

Palisade. A fence made of sharp stakes set closely together for defensive purposes. V. I. 3.

Palmer. "A *Palmer*, opposed to a *Pilgrim*, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity: whereas the Pilgrim retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage." *Sir Walter Scott.* I. XXVII. 6.

Paly. Pale; light-colored. Intro. V. III. 13.

Pandour. A favorite dog of the poet's. Intro. IV. VI. 19.

Panoply. A suit of armor. Intro. V. IV. 4.

Pardoner. A priest who went about selling indulgences (absolution of sin) granted by the Pope. (See Introduction to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.) I. XX. 15.

Paridel. A knight of story, whose prototype is Paris. He makes love to Hellenore, wife of Malbecco. Intro. V. III. 24. See

Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III. Canto IX.

Part. Depart. V. XXVI. 37.

Partenopex (de Blois). The hero of a poem by W. S. Ross, published in 1808. Intro. I. XVIII. 16.

Passing. Exceeding; surpassing. V. XXII. 5.

Pasties of the doe. Venison pies. I. IV. 2.

Patter. Mutter; mumble. The word is doubtless a corruption from *Pater Noster*, "Our Father." VI. XXVII. 26.

Pen. A hilltop or summit. Intro. IV. II. 11.

Pennon. A small flag or streamer. IV. XXVIII. 6.

Pensil, or pencil. A narrow flag or streamer. IV. XXVIII. 6.

Pentacle. "A piece of fine linen folded with five corners. . . . This the magician extends toward the spirits which he invokes when they are rebellious." *Sir Walter Scott.* III. XX. 22.

Pictish. Pertaining to the Picts, ancient inhabitants of Scotland. III. XXIII. 5.

Pile. A large building or mass of buildings. V. XI. 1.

Piled. Having a heavy pile or nap. V. VIII. 10.

Pilgrim. See PALMER. I. XX. 16.

Pipe. A large wine-cask. I. IV. 1.

Pipes. Bagpipes. V. V. 34.

Pitch. Exalted height; elevation (of mind). A term taken from falconry. VI. XIV. 12.

Pitscottie. Robert Lindesay of Pitscottie, author of *Chronicles of Scotland*; born 1500. Intro. VI. IX. 2.

Pitt. William Pitt the younger. Died, 1806. Intro. I. V. 16.

Plaid. A tartan shawl worn by both sexes in Scotland. Intro. VI. III. 19. To see what use Sir Walter Scott himself made of the shepherd's plaid, read Dr. Brown's *Marjorie Fleming*, page 54.

Plain. Complain; lament. VI. XIII. 13.

Plate. Armor composed of broad pieces or plates of metal. V. II. 6.

Plump of spears. A body of armed men. **Plump.** "This word properly applies to a flight of waterfowl; but is applied, by analogy, to a body of horse." *Sir Walter Scott.* I. III. 3.

Point of war. Warlike note. IV. V. 6.

Porch. A recess or niche. II. XXIII. 12.

Portcullis. An iron gate suspended over the entrance to a castle or fortress, arranged for defensive purposes, to be raised or lowered at will. VI. XIV. 29.

Post and pair. An old game of cards. Intro. VI. II. 22.

Postern door. A back door or gate; a secret passage. VI. VIII. 8.

Practise. Plot; use stratagem or artifice. III. XV. 8.

Prate. Trifling or unmeaning talk. VI. XXI. 16.

Prick. Ride rapidly. I. XIX. 3.

Pricker. A light armed horseman. V. XVII. 16.

Prime. Early morning. In the Roman church, 6 o'clock, the first canonical hour. IV. XXXI. 10.

Ptarmigan. A species of grouse. III. I. 17.

Pursuivant. A herald, or one attending on a herald. I. XXI. 4.

Quaigh. A wooden drinking cup, composed of staves hooped together. III. XXVI. 1.

Quarry. Game; the object of the chase. Intro. II. I. 45.

Quarter'd. A term used to denote the division of a shield by horizontal and vertical lines, in order to introduce two or more coats of arms joined in the emblazonment by the union of noble houses through intermarriage. IV. XI. 8.

Queen of the North. Edinburgh. Intro. V. IV. 7.

Rack. Thin, flying, broken clouds. Intro. IV. II. 16.

Ramp. Leap; rear. IV. XXVIII. 18.

Randolph. Sir Thomas Randolph, nephew of Bruce. VI. XX. 13.

Ranger. A game-keeper. Intro. VI. III. 11.

Rate. To berate; to censure violently. IV. I. 17.

Raven. The Norse sea-rovers or pirates were accustomed to display a raven upon their banner. III. XXIV. 18.

Red-cross hero. Sir Sidney Smith. See Note Intro. III. IV. I.

Red De Clare or Red Earl Gilbert. Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloster. VI. IV. 29 and VI. X. 23.

Red King. William II. called William Rufus. Intro. I. XVIII. 6.

Reeky. Smoky; emitting vapor. Intro. V. V. 11.

Reft. Bereft; taken away; cut off. VI. XXIX. 15.

Repine. Make a plaintive sound. IV. X. 10.

Requiescat. "May he rest." Intro. I. X. 3.

Rest. A projection from the right side of the cuirass serving to support the butt of the lance or spear. IV. XX. 16.

Retrograde. The backward (or apparently backward) movement of a planet. III. XX. 26.

Rocquet, or rochet. A vestment resembling a surplice, worn by a bishop. VI. XI. 19.

Roland. See OLIVER. VI. XXXIII. 10.

Rome. The church of Rome. II. XXXI. 2. Also IV. VII. 10.

Romish thunders. The curse of the church of Rome. VII. XV. 14.

Roncesvalles or Roncevaux. A pass in the Pyrenees mountains. French romance relates that when Charlemagne led his armies against the Moors in Spain his rear guard was attacked in this pass, and many nobles of rank slain, among them Roland and Oliver. VI. XXXIII. 12.

Rosalie, Saint. A young woman of noble family in Palermo who, having forsaken her home, is said to have lived in a cleft of a rock to which she was carried by angels. A chapel marks the spot in the mountain where her body was found. I. XXIII. 19.

Round. Circuit; the circle of a rampart. III. XXIII. 3.

Roundelay. A song in which there is a frequent repetition of a particular strain; a round or catch. III. VIII. 16.

Rowan. The mountain-ash. Intro. II. I. 15.

Rule, Saint. "St. Regulus, a monk of Patrae, in Achaia, warned by a vision, is said, A.D. 370, to have sailed westward until he landed at St. Andrew's in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. . . . As Regulus first colonized the metropolitan see of Scotland, and converted the inhabitants in the vicinity, he has some reason to complain that the ancient name of Killrule (*Cella Reguli*) should have been superseded, even in favor of the tutelar saint of Scotland. The reason of the change

was that St. Rule is said to have brought to Scotland the relics of St. Andrew." *Sir Walter Scott.* I. XXIX. 9.

Runnel. A small stream or rivulet. VI. XXX. 13.

Sackbut. A brass wind instrument probably resembling the trombone. IV. XXXI. 4.

Sackcloth. Coarse cloth used for making sacks. Anciently, sackcloth garments were worn in penance for sin. IV. XVI. 10.

Salem. Jerusalem. I. XXIII. 2.

Salvo-shot. A salute from a number of pieces of artillery. I. IV. 8.

Sands. Edwin Sandys, D.D., Bishop of Worcester and of London, and afterwards Archbishop of York. VI. XXXVIII. 22.

Sangreal, or Holy Grail. The cup from which Christ is supposed to have drunk at the Last Supper. Intro. I. XV. 20. See Tennyson's *The Holy Grail;* also Lowell's *The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

Sanguine. Red; having the color of blood. IV. XXVIII. 4.

Sans. Without; lacking; deprived of. I. XXI. 34.

Saracen. In the Middle Ages, the common term among Christians in Europe for a Mohammedan warring against the Crusaders. VI. XVI. 21.

Satyrane. "A Satyres sonne yborne in forest wild" who is described in the *Faerie Queene* as a knight of prowess. Intro. V. III. 23.

Say. Saying; speech. III. XVI. 4.

Scald. A Norse poet or bard. Intro. VI. I. 17.

Scallop-shell. The badge by which pilgrims who had been in the Holy Land were distinguished. I. XXVII. 12.

Scaur. (skär). A steep bank or rock. V. XII. 41.

Scrip. A small bag or wallet. I. XXVII. 16.

Scrivelbayo. I. XI 8. See MARMION.

Scottish Lion. The royal banner of Scotland. Intro. III. VII. 55.

Scutcheon, or escutcheon. An emblazoned shield or coat of arms. I. XI. 2.

Sea-dog. The common seal. II. II. 12.

Seamew. Sea gull. VI. XXVI. 6.

Sella. A saddle. III. XXXI. 10.

Seneschal. The steward or chief domestic officer of a noble house. I. III. 16.

Sewer. One whose duty was to serve guests at a feast. I. III. 16.

Sexhelm. Bishop of Northumbria in the tenth century II. XVII. 15.

Simnel. Lambert Simnel was a pretender to the throne, who pressed his claims with arms in the reign of Henry VII. He was finally obliged to content himself with the position of scullion in the king's kitchen. V. XXI. 17.

Siren. An enchantress; hence, an enticing, dangerous woman. V. XIII. 1.

Sister profess'd. One professed or sworn a nun. II. XX. 18.

Slogan. The war-cry of a gathering border clan. V. IV. 6.

Soland. A kind of goose. III. III. 6.

Southron. In Scotland, the general designation for any Englishman. Intro. III. VII. 56. **Southron land.** England. V. X. 15.

Spell. A magic formula of words; an incantation, enchantment. III. XXII. 18.

Spenser. Edmund Spenser, Elizabethan poet, 1552-1599. His chief

work as *The Faerie Queene*. See Intro. I. XVI. 3 and Intro. V. III. 2.

Sprite. Spirit. VI. VIII. 4.

Squire. An armor-bearer attending a knight, and next below him in rank. I. III. 16.

Squire of Dames. A knight renowned in story for devotion to ladies rather than feats of arms. He is the faithful lover of "faire Columbell" described in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III. Canto VII. Intro. V. III. 20.

Stalworth. Stalwart; strong. I. V. 5.

Stanley (Sir Edward). Commander of the left wing of the English army at the battle of Flodden. He led the men of Lancashire and of the palatinate of Chester. VI. XXVII. 2. See Note VI. XXVI., XXVII.

Stirrup-cup. A cup of wine, taken on horseback as a token of goodwill at parting. I. XXXI. 8.

Stokefield. V. XXI. 19. See MARTIN SWART.

Stole. An embroidered band which forms an important part of a priest's vestment. It is worn about the neck, the ends falling towards the feet in front. Intro. VI. II. 10.

Stoop. In falconry, to alight and return to the falconer's hand. VI. XIII. 10.

Storied pane. Stained glass representing deeds or scenes of life or history. Intro. V. VIII. 10.

Stowre. Combat; conflict. IV. XXXII. 21.

Strook. Past tense of *strike*. IV. XXI. 11.

Style. (1) Title. II. XIX. 23. (2) Character. II. IX. 3.

Sumpter-mule. A pack-mule. I. VIII. 4.

Surrey. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, commander of the English forces at the battle of Flodden. I. XVIII. 13; VI. XX. 10. See Note VI. XXVI., XXVII.

Swain. A country gallant or lover; a rustic fellow. III. XXIV. 28.

Swart, Martin. "A German General who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-moor." *Sir Walter Scott.* V. XXI. 16.

Sylphid. A little sylph or fairy. Intro. II. II. 39.

Tabart, or **tabard.** A sort of coat with or without sleeves, ornamented with the arms of his chief and worn by a herald or a pursuivant. I. XI. 1.

Table Round. The Round Table of Arthurian romance. Intro. I. XVI. 6.

Tables. The game of backgammon. I. XXII. 8.

Talisman. A charm; an amulet; especially, a gem or stone inscribed with mystic characters. Intro. I. XVII. 6.

Tame. A small river of Yorkshire. V. XXII. 23.

Tamworth. A town and castle in central England, on the ancient Watling Street. I. XI. 9. See MARMION.

Tantallon (castle). "The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German Ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick. The building is not seen till a close approach, as there is rising ground betwixt it and the land. The circuit is of

large extent, fenced upon three sides by the precipice which overhangs the sea, and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong outworks. Tantallon was a principal seat of the Douglas family." *Sir Walter Scott.* V. XXXIII. 4; also, VI. II. 1.

Targe. A shield or target. VI. XXVII. 5.

Tarquin. Seventh and last king of Rome. Intro. I. XV. 17.

Terouenne. A town in northern France, near Calais. VI. I. 8.

Thessalian cave. At Thessaly was the seat of a celebrated oracle of Greece, the temple of Jupiter at Dodona. Intro. I. XI. 12.

Thistle. The national flower and emblem of Scotland. IV. VII. 20.

Thomas, Saint, of Canterbury: Thomas á Becket. I. XXIV. 2. See BECKET.

Thracia's shore. The ancient country of Thrace. It occupied a part of the modern country of Turkey. Intro. VI. VI. 25.

Thunder-dint. A thunder-clap. I. XXIII. 12.

Till. A river of Northumberland, tributary to the Tweed. VI. XXI. 8. See Map.

Tilmouth. A town on the coast of Northumberland. VI. XXXIII. ■

Tirante. Tirante the White, hero and title of an old romance of chivalry. Intro. IV. VI. 17.

Tocsin. An alarm. Intro. I. IX. 12.

Toledo right. Genuine Toledo. The famous sword blades from Toledo, Spain, were exported to every country in Europe. V. VIII. 17.

Tourney. A tournament or joust. V. VII. 10.

Trapp'd. Ornamented. I. VI. 15.

Tressure. An ornamented border. IV. VII. 18.

Trews. Trousers; especially those worn by the Scottish Highlanders. V. V. 6.

Trine. Said of planets distant from each other 120 degrees, or one-third of the circle of the zodiac. III. XX. 26.

Trow. Believe or trust. I. XIX. 1.

Trowl, or troll. Send about or circulate, as a vessel in drinking. Intro. VI. III. 16.

Truncheon. A short staff, or the shaft of a spear. IV. VI. 12. See MACE.

Tunstall. "Sir Brian Tunstall, called in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undefiled, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden. Tunstall, perhaps, derived his epithet of *undefiled* from his white armor and banner, the latter bearing a white cock about to crow, as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith. His place of residence was Thurland Castle." *Sir Walter Scott.* VI. XXIV. 8; also, VI. XXVI. 19; also, VI. XXIX. 13.

Twisel glen. The place where James IV. mustered his forces before the battle of Flodden. VI. IX. 16. **Twisel Bridge.** VI. XIX. 5.

Umber'd. Smoky; dark. **Umber'd lower.** Dark or threatening aspect. Intro. V. II. 26.

Unicorn. A fabulous animal with one horn, often represented in heraldry as a supporter. IV. VII. 21.

Unspar. Unbar. I. IV. 14.

Vail. Lower or droop. III. XIV. 17.

Valentine, Saint. A bishop and martyr of Rome, A. D. 270. His feast is celebrated on the 14th of February, usually by the sending of love-tokens, from the superstition that on this day the birds choose their mates. III. VIII. 7.

Vantage-coign. A point of advantage; a commanding angle. VI. II. 22.

Varlet. A servant: especially one performing menial service to a knight. VI. XXIX. 21.

Vassal. A feudal tenant; a retainer. III. XXI. 14.

Vaward. In the van or front. VI. XXIV. 7.

Vennachar, Loch. A small lake in the county of Perth. III. XVIII. 4.

Vesper, or vespertide. Evening; eventide. Vespers. The evening service of the Church. II. XXXIII. 10.

Vestal. Anciently, pertaining to the goddess Vesta, or to virgins consecrated to her service: hence, a virgin. Vestal vow. The renunciatory vow of a nun. II. V. 10.

Vision'd. Produced by the fancy or imagination. II. XXII. 10.

Visor. The part of a helmet which may be lifted to show the face. IV. XXI. 18.

Wain. A wagon or cart. Intro. V. I. 26.

Wallace. One of Scotland's greatest heroes. He was renowned for courage and prowess in the struggles with England in the 13th century. VI. XX. 14.

Wan. Won; gained. III. I. 16.

Wand. A staff of authority. VI. XX. 12.

Wansbeck flood. A river of Northumberland. II. VIII. 9.

Warbeck. "The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, Duke of York, is well known. In 1496 he was received honorably in Scotland; and James IV., after conferring upon him in marriage his own relation, the Lady Catherine Gordon, made war on England in behalf of his pretentions. To retaliate an invasion of England, Surry advanced into Berwickshire at the head of considerable forces, but retreated after taking the inconsiderable fortress of Ayton." *Sir Walter Scott.* I. XVIII. 11.

Ward (1) A defence or means of defence. V. VI. 4; also VI. V. 8. (2) Defend or guard. IV. XXXII. 12.

Warden. A keeper or guardian. In Border lore, the holder of a small frontier castle. V. XIII 22.

Warkworth. A castle on the coast of Northumberland. It was one of the strongholds of the Percy family. II. VIII. 16.

Wassail, or wassel. A festive occasion: a carouse. Intro. VI. III. 15. Wassel-rout. Festivity, merry-making. Wassel-bowl. The vessel used for holding the liquor for a wassail. I. XV. 3.

Wear. A river in Durham county. II. XIV. 26.

Weeds. Garments. VI. VI. 24. **Steely weeds.** Armor. Intro. I. XV. 8.

Ween. Believe; think. Intro. II. V. 2.

Wend. Go. V. XXIX. 27.

What time. At the time when. I. XVIII. 14.

Whilere. Recently; just now. Intro. V. VI. 3.

Whilom. Formerly; once. Intro. V. III. 14.

Whin. A thorny, evergreen shrub;

also called furze or gorse. IV. XXIV. 2.

Whitby. The Benedictine Abbey of Whitby, situated on the coast of Northumberland. II. XIII. 1.

Wight. Valiant. Intro. II. III. 12.

Wimple. Folds of linen or silk, formerly worn by women as a protection for the neck and chin. V. XI. 14.

Wizard. One versed in magic; a necromancer. III. XXII. 25.

Wold. An open tract of hilly land; a down. IV. XIX. 9.

Wolsey. Cardinal Wolsey, the chief adviser of Henry VIII. VI. XXXVIII. 21.

Worde. Wynken de Worde. IV. IV. 24. See CAXTON.

Yare. Ready. I. IX. 8.

Yarrow. A river of Selkirkshire, Scotland. On its banks are the ruins of the famous castle of Newark, and Bowhill, the family seat of the Dukes of Buccleuch. Intro. II. II. 3.

Ycleped. Called; named. Intro. IV. VI. 17.

Yeoman. In England, a freeborn citizen of the first or highest class among the common people; next in order to the gentry. I. VIII. 13.

Yode. Went. III. XXXI. 8.

York, conquering. The House of York, whose ascendency was established by the crowning of Edward IV., 1461, "after the fatal battle of Teuton." Intro. V. IV. 29.

Ytene. Ancient name for the New Forest in Hampshire. Intro. I. XVIII. 3. See BOLDREWOOD.

Zone. A girdle. III. XX. 23.